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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

W.A.A.A.F.  
FOURTH  
BIRTHDAY

Invest  
in  
**THE THIRD  
VICTORY  
LOAN**

Vincent



# TAKING THE AIR WITH THE R.A.A.F.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

FOR several weeks I have ceased to be an individual. I have been a "body."

A "body" is anybody in an R.A.A.F. unit, or a passenger in an aircraft. I became a body during a tour of R.A.A.F. stations.

Seven different types of aircraft took us on a journey of nearly 4000 miles.

On our first trip we travelled by Beaufort bomber.

There is a right and a wrong way to board a Beaufort. The right foot to start with is the left. You begin the perilous ascent on a metal ladder whose rungs are just wide enough to take one foot.

Beyond the ladder are four widely spaced slits in the fuselage of the aircraft, up which you proceed with hands and feet.

If you start up the ladder on the wrong, i.e., right, foot, you find yourself half-way between heaven and earth, and faced with a major decision.

You must either tie your legs in a knot, or fall off, preferably on top of a solid-looking groundstaff man to break your fall.

Either way, it means you have to begin all over again.

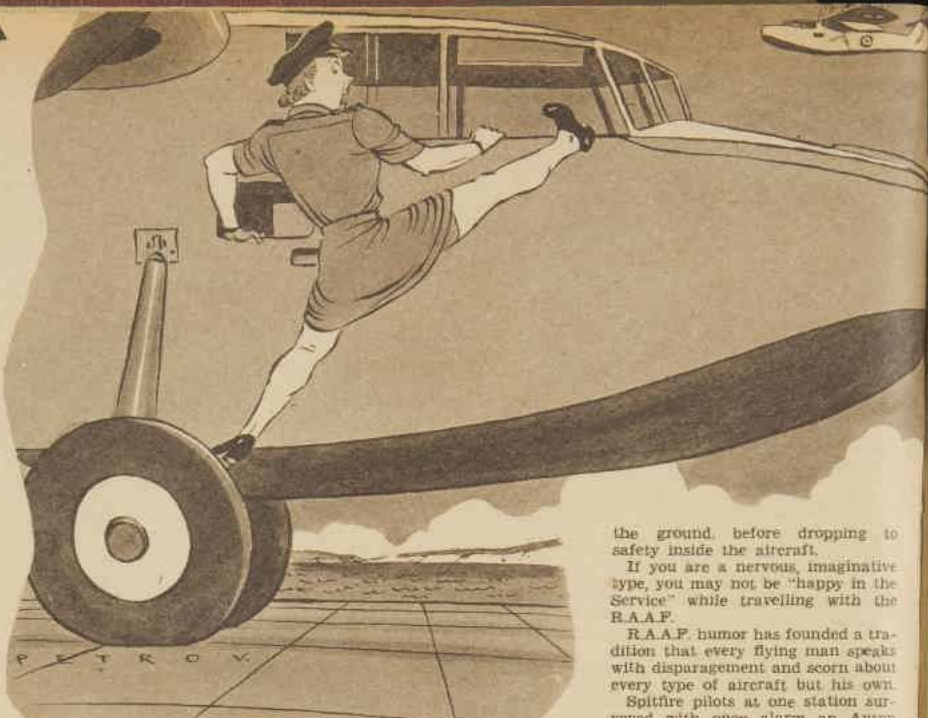
Our pilot was a fresh-faced, quiet young man, our navigator a rangy, thin slab of energy with a red-and-white scarf round his neck — the badge of several squadrons with overseas experience.

This young man's scarf had been given to him by his English pilot, and he said he would never fly without it.

It was a gay journey, as most of the time, through our headphones, we listened to dance music.

After we had taken off and there had been an exchange of highly technical information between pilot, navigator, and wireless man, the pilot suggested, "Let's have some boogie."

While the music came over the



earphones, the navigator, sitting in his glass blister at our feet, jitter-bugged with his long legs under his little map-table.

Next hop was by Liberator. Before they start up the engines of this enormous aircraft you crawl underneath and stand between the open bomb-doors.

A chivalrous gunner explained this is to protect you from the tearing gale stirred up by the propellers.

The real idea, of course, is that from the knees down your legs are frozen by the wind, and this anaesthetises them so thoroughly that you don't feel the bruises on your shins when you climb aboard.

Proceeding along a huge girder like a part of a bridge toward the front of the aircraft, you are faced with a shoulder-high opening above you, through which you heave yourself by the elbows with the aid of a couple of gunners.

My seat was an 18in. square of floor space between the two pilots' seats. My legs fitted in neatly behind the starboard seat, but my left elbow was alarmingly near several red-painted levers labelled "Emergency" this or that.

The trip was so exhilarating that discomfort did not exist. On our way we were to take part in gunnery exercises.

We had been flying for a while when the pilots began to look round the sky.

"He ought to be on the starboard by now," said the pilot-instructor.

At this stage I was nanging by the elbows on the arm-rests of the two pilots' seats.

Stalking the big moose in the forests of Canada could not be more exciting than looking for a Vulture Vengeance pulling a drogue 200 yards behind it among puffy white clouds in a dazzling blue sky.

We peered round the corners of a lot of clouds and eventually sighted our prey.

Suddenly there was a blast from the nose of the Liberator. It felt like several cricket balls hitting you in the chest.

Actually, it was the front guns in action.

Next there was a shattering, more treble blast overhead. The mid-gunner was "having a go."

The mid-gunner owned the pair of legs hanging down a few feet behind my head. All you could see were a pair of heavy boots with red gravel on their soles, and about a foot of blue overalls.

We went round again to let our prey get ahead of us, then the pupil pilot said he'd climb a bit and "give the bloke at the bottom a go."

While we were going up, the starboard side guns let fly with superb accuracy.

"Side-gunner's firing very well," said the pilot-instructor with family pride in his voice.

After we waved good-bye to the Vulture, the pilot sent a message back to ask were "the blokes at the back okay."

On another stage of our trip we travelled by "duck" — Seagull — a hilarious monster which waddles down a slipway on wheels, takes to the water on floats, then after a great deal of commotion in its single engine over your head, takes to the air.

Dignity and a "duck" do not go together. You take off with your left foot on the under-carriage wheel, someone lifts your right foot and places it as far away as possible in a slit in the fuselage.

You must then decide whether you can squeeze yourself head first through a window only about twelve inches deep, or get your left foot up to its sill, then your right foot across a yawning space which looks at least six feet

away, to the much roomier window of the front cockpit.

I chose the coward's way and squeezed—only just—through the small window.

Our Public Relations Waaal officer had to choose the hero's way, as she weighs thirteen stone four, and 186 pounds into a twelve-inch window just won't go.

With a tight uniform skirt to add to the hazard, her progress was slow and perilous. But she made it, and did not lose her head.

She did not even give way to the girlish giggle expected on such occasions.

For one triumphant moment she stood with both feet on the ledge of the cockpit window, and cast a victorious glance at the audience on

the ground, before dropping to safety inside the aircraft.

If you are a nervous, imaginative type, you may not be "happy in the Service" while travelling with the R.A.A.F.

R.A.A.F. humor has founded a tradition that every flying man speaks with disparagement and scorn about every type of aircraft but his own.

Spitfire pilots at one station surveyed with open alarm an Anson that was to take us on another stage.

They said the engines sounded rocky, the tyre on the port wheel looked a bit flat, the weather seemed to be closing in, etc.

Beaufort pilots told us a Liberator was a terribly difficult aircraft to belly land if anything went wrong.

Land pilots shook their heads over the perils of the sea when we announced part of our journey would be by Catalina flying-boat.

All these remarks are delicately timed, dropped into ordinary conversation like bells of doom, while they watch your face for signs of disintegrating morale.

You don't, of course, spoil their fun or embarrass them by telling them that you have a sublime faith in them all personally, and in any aircraft that is given the honor of being flown by them.

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# MURDER by Degrees

By KELLEY ROOS

• Our exciting new serial,  
a swift-moving story of  
mystery, intrigue, romance.

THE wind snatched the telegram from my hand and whirled it down the street. I didn't care. I had read the three lines of that telegram a dozen times. My husband was coming home, arriving at 5.43 this evening. He would drop his camera and equipment at the studio, call for me at my temporary lodgings, and take me back to our apartment.

I could have yelled aloud with joy. For the past two months, Jeff had been on an official job, photographing American industry at war. It was an honor, of course—but it had meant leaving his poor wife languishing alone in New York.

I promptly enrolled in Columbia's Summer School for a course in Spanish, sublet our apartment, and moved into Mrs. Girard's boarding-house. To-night, two days ahead of schedule, we would be going back. Not only was I happy to be returning home. I was delighted to be leaving the house of Mrs. Girard.

I couldn't quite explain that. Mrs. Girard was an efficient landlady, my room was cheerful, my fellow boarders were pleasant, friendly people.

But there was something about that house . . . there was too much going on in it. It never seemed to rest. It had a momentum about it that seemed to be heading for a climax that was never reached.

From away down the block, it appeared to be mocking me now with its brownstone respectability, its shining, sensibly becurtained windows. The neighborhood children had even covered its sidewalk and porch with juvenile chalk art.

I turned off the pavement and almost piled into Mrs. Girard's most scholarly boarder, Professor H. Lewis Simons, retired, as he sat on the steps smoking his afternoon pipe. His neat white Vandyke bobbed, and his eyes, behind their thick-lensed spectacles, sparkled as he reached up and pulled me down on the step below him.

"Now, now, Mrs. Troy! Why the haste?" he said with studied joviality. "Sit down and forget for a moment life's hurly-burly. How goes the Spanish?"

"Fine. But, Professor, Jeff's coming home!"

"Ah!" He chuckled. "That explains the light in your eye."

"So I'm leaving you this evening. After dinner. I've really got to pack now."

"Of course!" He lifted his long, sparsely framed hand from the step, extending his hand to help me to my feet. "As a matter of fact, I've got to scamper, myself. I'm having a glass of ale with an old friend who insists there have been no American poets since Whitman. But I shall see you at dinner, Mrs. Troy."

"Yes, Professor Simons. Good-bye."

As I climbed the three flights to my room I mentally checked off Things To Be Done. Pack my clothes. Retrieve Mrs. Girard's Cows Drinking from the closet and hang it where I had found it. Return keys. Say good-byes. Except for Otis Block, who never left his room, that last item could be taken care of at dinner.

I flipped my coat into the closet, pitched my Spanish Verboos on the studio couch, and started up the stairs again.

The penthouse where Otis Block lived was an architectural afterthought, a small, two-roomed cottage built on the roof. And since an automobile accident, which had left him barely able to walk, he had created his own world in those two rooms.

Mr. Block was a collector, and

that theatrical relics were his prime passion was evident from the moment you set foot on his private stairway. On the wall of the top landing were two crossed rapiers—one, Block claimed, wielded by Edwin Booth in "Hamlet," the other by Sir Beerbohm Tree in "Macbeth." Scattered throughout his rooms were goblets and canes, and scarfs and pipes. All sorts of bits of costumes and properties used by the theatrical great. The place was interesting. Block was interesting and it was small wonder that a continuous parade of people trudged up those stairs at all hours of the day and night.

I could hear that, at the moment, he was entertaining. His hearty voice boomed out in good-natured raillery, but this time his humor backfired. Lydia Verlaine, fourth floor, rear, was having none of it. I couldn't distinguish her words, but her tone would have withered an evergreen.

They must have heard me on the stairs, for their voices snapped off, and there was silence as I pushed open the door.

"Buenos dias, mi amiga!" Block shouted at me. "Buenos, buenos, buenos! I am delighted, Halla! Be seated."

He may have been pleased to see me, but I was sure that most of the delight that was making his 250 pounds quiver in silent glee was left over from his bout with Lydia.

Please turn to page 4

"Professor Simons," Mrs. Girard said, "why did you kill Mr. Block?"





I HAD made a mistake in describing Lydia to Jeff. He could hardly wait to see the long-stemmed, bone-tide blonde whose age I placed at thirty-five.

"My dear," Block purred at her, "you may have that Oriental trinket you're admiring so much. A small gift from me."

"No, thanks." Carefully, Lydia replaced the statuette.

There was a pause. I stepped into it quickly, blurring like a schoolgirl: "I'm leaving to-night. Jeff's coming home. I'm here to say good-bye, Mr. Block!"

"I never say good-bye to anyone, Haila. You will come to visit me. Often. That is an order. From headquarters."

"Yes, sir," I said, and saluted. "You see, Haila," he said quietly, his face serious now, "life must come to me; I cannot go to it. And my friends are my life; they take the place of the theatre and concerts, art galleries and auctions. Those things that were my life. And so I need my friends. I need you and—"

—he was smiling again, his sly, mocking smile—"I even need Lydia."

Assuring him hastily that I would never neglect him, I followed Lydia down the stairs. She went into her room, I into mine.

My packing nearly completed, I was taking a farewell shower in my private bath when I heard a voice shout, "Hey, pal!"

I turned off the water, found the slit in the circular shroud of a shower curtain, and stuck my head out. Kay Abbott stood at the door, laughing at me. "Hello," I said. "Where did you come from?"

"Where I always come from. The rare book library."

Kay hooked one foot behind the other and sagged back against the door-frame. With her curly hair only slightly tamed by a bright red ribbon, she looked more like a saucy freshman than a full-fledged employee of Columbia's Low Memorial Library.

"I wish you were sticking around," she said, when I told her of Jeff's return. "Not that I begrudge you Jeff coming home—with my own husband being a war correspondent in the Pacific—but with you here, pal, Mrs. Girard's boarding-house is almost bearable."

"Jeff and I live close by, you know."

## Continuing . . . Murder by Degrees

from page 3

How about coming to dinner to-morrow night?"

She didn't answer. I waited a moment, and called, "Hey, are you there?"

I flipped open the shower curtain. Kay hadn't gone. She was still standing there in the doorway. But every line of her body had frozen into strained rigidity. She was staring at the ceiling, her face filled with panic. As I watched, she took one quick step and halted, teetering in indecision. Then she ran.

"Kay!" I shouted, and flicked off the water as my hall door slammed behind her. I snatched a towel and ran into the bedroom.

Straining my ears, I could hear nothing that I would not expect to hear round five o'clock any evening at Mrs. Girard's. Lydia Verlaime's radio; Mrs. Girard, herself, calling for Ginny, the Barnard student who was helping herself through college by waiting on table here, the thin, piping whistle of the stair-climber who couldn't seem to go up or down without lolling through "Annie Laurie" . . . Something that I hadn't heard had sent Kay into that spasm of terror. There was nothing in my room to frighten her. So it was something that Kay was running to, not away from.

I dug into my bag for my dressing-gown and slippers, slid into them, and rushed out into the hall. It was quiet and empty now; only Lydia's radio broke the silence. I ran quickly down the two flights to Kay's room and, without knocking, opened her door.

She was standing at the window that looked out into the narrow, gloomy air shaft, her hands locked behind her back. She spun round when she heard me. I said, "Kay, what is it? What made you run?"

"Run?" Her voice was airy. "I don't remember doing any running, Haila. Did I?"

"You were frightened, Kay."

She laughed as she flopped down into the maple boudoir chair. "What are you talking about? Your bathroom was hot. I wasn't frightened out. I was steamed out."

I looked at her closely as I tried to remember. We had been talking about Jeff's coming home—could it have been that? I had never known

Kay to let her loneliness for Bruce get out of hand. But those letters, those big, white envelopes addressed in the rugged black scrawl—it had been a long time since I had seen one on the mail table in the front hall.

"Kay," I said, "is it Bruce? Haven't you heard from him?"

"I had a letter from him yesterday . . . Look; hadn't you better dress for dinner, Haila?"

"Yes," I said.

Something was wrong with Kay Abbott, but she wasn't going to talk about it. "See you at dinner," I said as cheerfully as possible, and backed out of the room.

A flight ahead of me Professor Simons was wending his upward way to call on his friend, Otis Block. Those two brought out the best in each other. Block's rumbling banter bounced off the Professor's charming erudition like silver hailstones off a richly tiled roof. I loved to listen to them.

Above me, I heard Block's greeting ring out. "Well!" he roared. "If it isn't the pedantic pride of Mrs. Girard's Eating Club. The one and only . . ." His voice trailed off into a mumbled sound as the door closed upon them.

I went into my room, dressed, and was starting on my nails when an imperative knocking made the hall door dance. "Come in, Mrs. Girard," I called.

My auburn-haired landlady, wearing vivid green, stalked into the room. "Mrs. Troy," she said, "you had better give me your keys."

"Oh, you know I'm leaving to-night?"

"Miss Verlaime told me." Her tone implied that she knew full well that I had planned to sneak out of her house with all that I could steal, including the keys. "You might have informed me yourself, Mrs. Troy."

"I was going to at dinner. I've been busy and . . ."

The crashing thump on the stairway lopped off my words. For a second Mrs. Girard and I stared at each other; then I followed her scuttling figure out to the hall. In the dim corridor, at the foot of Otis Block's stairway, was sprawled an irate, growling Professor Simons.

"Professor," Mrs. Girard fluttered, "are you hurt?"

He had risen to his knees, and, angry and embarrassed, shrugged away our helping hands. Adjusting his spectacles, he struggled to his feet. I could see that he was deeply shaken. His hands trembled as he tried unsuccessfully to smooth his untidy hair and return his ludicrously shaggy moustache and beard to their usual sleekness. I took his arm to steady him. With my other hand I tried to brush off the white dust that botched the back of his coat.

"Are you sure you're all right?" I asked. "Come into my room and—"

He pulled away from me, and, grumbling and growling under his breath, stamped down the stairs. We heard Ginny Brown on the floor below speak anxiously to the Professor and receive from him the same muttered response that we had got.

Mrs. Girard turned to me: "If Professor Simons sues me, Mrs. Troy, you were a witness. It was his fault. These stairs are perfectly safe, this hall is amply lighted. Remember that."

## CORNS

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Ample was hardly the word for the light in the dreary hallway, but I couldn't have argued that point now if I had wanted to. Mrs. Girard was already half-way up the stairs to Block's room, shaking her head in annoyance as she went. "The Professor knows better than to close Mr. Block's door. If he needed anything, no one would hear him."

As she swung his door open the light from the living-room seeped out on to the landing, throwing her shadow against the wall in grotesque distortion.

Mrs. Girard called sweetly: "Mr. Block, I'm opening your door for you." She waited an instant, then glided back down. "He didn't hear me. I suppose he's in his bedroom." Continuing her descent, she swept on past me.

I went back into my room and closed the door, but beyond it I could hear the house come alive, the way boarding-houses do in the pre-dinner hour. Another radio joined Lydia's, doors slammed, feet tramped up and down the stairs, voices rose and fell.

I could hear Vincent Charles, the graduate student on my floor, as he banged about his room. Vincent's perpetual burning intensity bordered on hysteria.

The sound of the dinner gong caught me with my make-up only half on. By the time I stepped out of my room, the hall and stairs were empty. I would have to hurry. But I had taken only a step or two when the faint half-cry, half-moan halted me with one foot in mid-air. It had come, I was sure, from Otis Block's room.

Quickly I turned and hurried up the stairs. When Mrs. Girard had called to him, Otis Block had not answered. He must be ill, I thought.

His door was closed once more. I pushed it open and stepped inside. The heavy maroon velvet draperies had been drawn tight across the windows, sealing the room in almost complete darkness. I felt my way cautiously to the floor lamp beside the big easy chair. The place sprang into light, and at first I thought it was empty. Then I saw the settee that faced the fireplace.

It was not Otis Block who had cried out, for he was dead.

HE lay there, twisted sideways, face down upon the cushions, and from under his chest a dull, red stream crawled across the upholstery. On the fireplace hearth another stain spread, a matching one. It oozed off the blade of a rapier; the rapier that had been the pride of Otis Block's theatrical collection.

I didn't scream. An even more pressing horror than the murdered man shocked me into immobility. For I knew I was not alone, that someone else stood in that room with me, watching me. Then the stealthy scuff of feet sliding across the carpet behind me snapped me into action.

I wheeled about, and my relief was so great that I nearly crumpled. It was Kay Abbott. She pulled the stairway door shut, and stared at me—not in fear, I realised, but coldly, knowingly.

She said "What are you going to do?"

"The police," I said. "Call the police."

Her body stiffened and she planted herself more firmly before the door. "No!" Then, suddenly, she slumped. Her face twisted with panic.

"Haila, I didn't kill him. I don't know who did. A few minutes won't matter now. Please help me, trust me. Give me just a little while."

I said, "I don't understand."

"I can't explain now—not now. I can only beg you to wait, let someone else discover this."

We stood staring at each other, while the horror of the thing behind me grew and grew . . . I took a quick step toward the door, and felt Kay's hand upon my arm. She said softly, "Haila . . . please."

I opened the door and went out. It closed behind me; closed on Kay Abbott and that still figure before the fireplace. And I moved dazedly downstairs, knowing that a murder had been committed and that I would not report it. I hadn't the heart in the face of Kay's last desperate appeal.

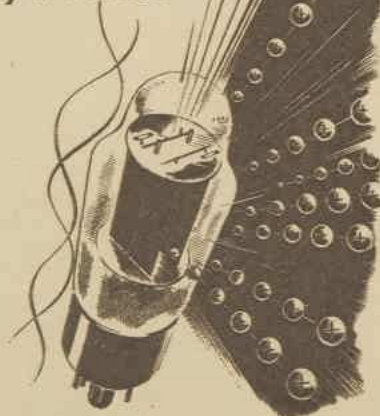
The faces round the dining table blurred before me, then cleared.

I reached for my water goblet and drained half of it. I picked up my spoon and tried to pretend that I was eating my soup.

Please turn to page 36

## ELECTRONICS

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# MY WANDERING WITCH

By  
**ALLAN FRY**

**T**HE very day that Yola Dvinskii reported to us with the other W.A.A.A.P. reinforcements I knew that there was something—well, strange about her. For one thing, she was crazy about sweeping floors. I watched her as she took our old straw broom and, almost lovingly, guided it over the dusty boards. She was uncanny in other ways, too. Always chanting outlandish songs under her breath while her beautiful brown hands danced over the typewriter. I'm sure she never ever touched the keys.

Now that I know all about her I'm frightened to do anything about it. It's no good my reporting it; they just wouldn't believe me.

She always used to say that I would make a beautiful black cat, but if there is one thing I do not want to be it is a black cat. So I've kept silent up to now.

It was late one afternoon about a month ago when she was sweeping one of the offices that I discovered that Dvinskii was a witch.

The partition between my office and this adjoining one is quite thin and sound penetrates easily. I could hear Yola chanting distinctly:

"It's really preposterous

To use a rhinoceros

For washing clean cups and saucers

When all you need

Is a fiery steed

Or a couple of green draught horses."

Quietly, I sneaked to the door of the adjoining office and peeped in. Dvinskii was standing astride her broom, the room still untidy and littered with the cigarette butts the officers had left from the morning conference. She was sitting her broom in exactly the same way as a small boy sits on his elder brother's motor-bike.

"Dvinskii," I said, quietly, "you are a witch."

She spun round so quickly that I didn't even see her move, and she smiled, her white teeth flashing.

"So what, Sergeant?" she asked. "Can't a witch serve her country like an ordinary girl? Can I help it if my father was a wizard?"

"Spose not," I said, worriedly, "but you'd better get the room swept out before the Wing-Commander comes in. He'll put on an act, you know."

"Oh, that," said the witch, "that's where being a witch comes in handy. Watch."

She waved the old broom in the air, said "Tak, tak," and the room was as clean as a whistle.

Slowly, I backed toward the door. "I'd better tell the Wing-Commander about this," I gasped.

She just looked at me out of her big dark eyes and said: "I wouldn't. You don't want to be a black cat, do you, Sergeant?"

"Miaou, miaou!" I protested from the floor level.

"No blabbing, no cat," said Aircraftwoman Dvinskii. "Is that a deal?"

"Phew!" I gasped. "No more of that, please. I'll keep quiet about you. But I'm a bit worried, all the same."

"You've no need to be," she said. "I'm a good witch. As a matter of fact I joined up because all we good witches have sworn a vow to take up broomsticks and fight against the bad witches who live in Japan. We will win eventually, of course, because our production of evil spells is so much greater than theirs."

"But how do you fight?" I asked, incredulously. "You're a Waaaf, and you girls don't get issued with rifles. Is it all done with evil spells and counter evil spells? What if the bad witch has a better—I mean a worse—spell than your own?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Sarge," Dvinskii whispered confidentially, "I'm a rookie. I haven't had any combat yet. But it's not my fault. I can't get a leave pass after ten o'clock, and we witches can't fight

until after midnight on moonlit nights. Do you think you could do anything about it for me?"

"I might try," I said, dubiously. "It's all in a good cause. But what happens if you get hit with an evil spell from the baddies? I'd hate to be responsible for you being shot down or swept down or whatever happens to witches. You're only a kid. How many broomstick hours have you had, anyway?"

Dvinskii swept her raven hair back from her high forehead and laughed musically.

"We don't measure broomstick experience in hours, Sergeant. We measure it in years. About twenty-three, I suppose. The trouble is that I was only a very young witch when the other war was on and I wasn't allowed to fight. All I could do was to snoop round our home town in Russia and turn German spies into rats. I was becoming quite good at it, too, in the early days of this war. Unfortunately, father and I had to leave Russia soon after. We had an incident."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, it was father's fault, actually. Dad was getting a bit keen on the woman Commissar in the next village and, although I warned him that it is against the Walpurgis Act to contemplate matrimony with mortals, Dad still persisted."

"There was nothing I could do but go over and turn the Commissar into a coal scuttle. There was such a to-do about the affair that we thought it better to leave and come to Australia."

**I** HAD many talks with Aircraftwoman Dvinskii after that. I grew to like her, and we used to go out together. She had a great sense of humor mixed with common-sense. There was one very special time when we went to the opera.

The opera was very successful from our point of view. It needed to be, for we paid a lot of money for our seats.

I don't mean that the opera was itself good, but that Yola made it so.

As soon as the prima donna succeeded in reaching high C I heard Yola mutter something under her breath, and heard the snap of her fingers that portended mystery.

Instead of ending her song on a quavering, if not doddering, note as she had so far done, the prima donna maintained high C. And she kept on maintaining it.

until after midnight on moonlit nights. Do you think you could do anything about it for me?"



"Can I help it if my father was a wizard?" the girl said jauntily.

First, the crowd clapped. Then they grew silent with admiration, then with amazement, and finally with trepidation.

The orchestra began to get a little jerky, and they began the aria anew. After ten minutes the woodwinds wavered; another five minutes and they petered out completely. After another five minutes the conductor capitulated and the singer was left to continue her high C unaccompanied.

It was only after several people, with that rare presence of mind met in a crowd, began screaming. "Is there a doctor in the house?" and two elderly ladies in front of us had fainted, that Yola heeded my pleas to "stop the woman for—goodness' sake."

There was another flick of the fingers, another muttered "Tak, tak," and the singer stopped—and dropped.

Next morning one newspaper said that Madame Hypitch had maintained high C for 23 minutes. Another paper said for half an hour. A third, very conservatively, stated, "for a considerable period."

Yes, the visit to the opera was a success but, taken all round, an outing with Dvinskii was a nerve-racking experience.

She used to embarrass me by speaking to animals and birds as well as to "Things" I couldn't even see. It was enlightening to be told that the jarks in the ploughed paddock were chorusing "Hark, hark, the human being," but less so when Yola would break the silence with "Howya, Bill?" and then, in answer to my worried query, explain that it was Will o' the Wisp, a great friend of all witches, since he guided them in from their broomstick flights.

He had, so Yola told me, brought

in broomsticks which had limped home with as many as a dozen bristles gone.

Then came the morning when Yola told me, with the glint of victory in her eyes, that the war couldn't last much longer.

An American firm, established at Wichita, Kansas, had now completed the first of what was to be a huge output of new Super Broomsticks capable of carrying a crew of twenty witches and a heavy load of evil spells. These evil spells dropped on Japanese cities would affect the great industrial concerns rather than the people themselves.

**S**TICKS of these spells, falling in even reasonably close proximity to Japanese factories, would cause every piece of metal in that factory to be transformed into lead.

"Imagine," Dvinskii said, "lard guns firing lard shells and lard bombs being dropped from lard aeroplanes. Even the Japanese officers will have no option but to carry swords made of lard. The situation will become so sticky that the Japanese will be compelled to realise the futility of attempting to wage war and browbeat conquered territories with weapons made of lard. They will surrender, unconditionally, you mark my words."

You might ask me why I never fell in love with Dvinskii. The answer is simple. I was too scared. Anyone would be with the eternal prospect of becoming a black cat, or even worse, if you said, or did, or even thought the wrong thing. I was at my platonic best all through our short association, and I think Yola appreciated it.

She was a funny girl. I don't

think she ever learned how to keep her powers under control. Like most women, perhaps, she wanted all she could out of life. Always fond of quoting little tenets but not living up to them.

One of her favorites was:

"The fool who in military matters meddles,

Inherits a bike without any pedals."

In spite of this I suspect that she, alone, was responsible for several inexplicable occurrences that took place round our station.

There was the occasion when we were all lined up on the parade-ground waiting to be inspected by the Air-Commodore. We had grown tired of waiting when the C.O. said: "While we are waiting we shall have a little song from Warrant-Officer Jenkins. He will sing the first two verses and the chorus of 'St. Louis Blues.'"

Jenkins, being the epitome of air-force discipline, had no option but to obey the command of his superior officer. Although the Air-Commodore, who came along when he was half-way through the second verse, said: "Bravo, bravo, very good," Jenkins applied for a transfer next day.


To this day the C.O. denies he told Jenkins to sing.

On the morning that I heard the announcer say "Super Fortresses have again raided the Japanese mainland . . ." Yola didn't appear at the office. She has never been seen since, and they've marked her A.W.I., but I know where she is. I can see my wandering witch each time a silvery cloud scuds across the moon.

Actually, we're not supposed to talk about such things, but at this moment she's . . . miaou, miaou!

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# GENTLEMAN FROM STALINGRAD

Surprising escapade of a Soviet airman

WITH some misgiving Lieutenant Alec Mason climbed top-side to Airplot to have a requested tete-a-tete with the A.O., by name Commander Archibald McGovern. It was Alec's first impression, when he met Commander McGovern's gimlet eyes, that Commander McGovern was hot round the collar and green round the gills, and the effect was astonishing.

"I understand," said the A.O. to Mason, his face as pleasant as the muzzle of a loaded Browning, "that you've been to Russia. You're the only pilot in Fighting Nineteen who's ever been to Russia."

Alec feigned mild surprise. "I went through Russia very fast, sir. I can't speak Russian. I don't know anything about Russia."

"That," Commander McGovern said between set teeth, "is too bad. But you'll have to do, Mason. You're not much for the job, but you're better than nothing. The fact is, a Soviet military observer will come aboard this afternoon. We are picking him up at sea. His name is Major Ivan Palganov. He is an officer in the Red Air Force, and a Hero of the Soviet Union. He knows his stuff. Do you follow me?"

"I'm way behind you, sir," Alec groaned.

"This Russian landlubber is to be made completely at home here," said the A.O. sternly. "His every whim and fancy is to be indulged to the utmost. He's joining us as a neutral military observer, Washington, D.C. wants him out here, and Uncle Joe Stalin wants him out here."

"But what the devil—begging your pardon, sir—does a Soviet major want to observe a war in Soupac for? Russia isn't at war with the Japs."

The A.O. sighed. "Look here, Mason; I've seen the orders, and they don't come from any beardless ensign. Palganov is to see and do anything he wants to see and do. He's straight from the Kremlin and he'll make his report to the Kremlin. The kind of report he makes will have a lot to do with what old Uncle Joe figures to play in the daily double. It's a practical world, Mr. Mason, a practical world indeed. Do you follow me?"

"I have finally," Alec replied

thoughtfully, "caught up with you, sir."

"Palganov has already requested that he be assigned to a fighter squadron. He's going to fly with you. He wants to fly all routine patrols and he wants to fly in any action. I need not inform you that we are now heading on a due westerly course to rendezvous with more ships than I'd care to guess."

"And will Major Palganov engage in offensive action, should the need arise?"

"Absolutely not," said the A.O. He grinned sardonically. "The major is a neutral military observer."

Alec said stiffly, "I can't take the responsibility of weakening my

"This gentleman from Stalingrad," said the A.O., "will be the seventh man in your squadron. You can stick him anywhere you want. You can teach him anything you want. If he gets into trouble, forget him. He is not your responsibility in a show. If he doesn't want to shoot his guns, you don't have to shoot yours for him. But he is your responsibility the rest of the time. And he's going to fly with Fighting Nineteen. That, dear boy, is an order. Eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Alec.

"Then," said the A.O., "you may step down from the witness-box."

Major Palganov arrived in the rear cockpit of a Bombing 19 egg-layer.

There was a puff of ignition, and the flight deck became a sea of flames.

squadron just to facilitate the observing of a military observer, sir. I don't think I could assume the risk if the guy were the Number One airborne boy of the Soviet Union. He isn't a Navy flier, and he just isn't part of the team. And as long as he isn't going to do any fighting, he's a liability all the way."

"Mr. Mason," said the A.O. sourly, "can I get a word in?"

Alec flushed and did not reply.

He stood by while the flight crew unhooked the arresting gear from the cross cable. When they finished and the dive-bomber moved forward to the elevator, Major Palganov nodded his head in a brief silent tribute as to the practicality of the device, then took his hands from his hips and strode away until he reached the point of contact on a collision course with Alec.

They saluted each other and then shook hands. "Welcome aboard, major," Alec said. "Mason is my name and I'm attached to you as your mentor during your stay abroad."

"Thank you. This is a pretty boat you have here."

Alec looked shocked. "Sir," he said quickly, "anything without ours in the United States Navy is a ship, not a boat."

"Okay," Major Palganov said gravely. "A nice ship. How do you think I speak English?"

"Very well indeed, sir."

"Good. Then let us get over with such formalities as are essential," Palganov said nervously. "My papers and my presentations and such nonsense. I am anxious to be at work. There is much to be observed here, and I already have a long report to write." He frowned darkly. "Also you must explain to me of the plane stopper."

"Arresting gear," Alec said.

"Yes. If very practical for advanced fields where there is no room for good landings. If fast fighter-planes could be so equipped and provision made for snagging them during advanced-field landings—You see, Mason," Palganov went on, "we Soviets are realistic. We are practical. If a thing does not have a practical purpose, it is worth nothing."

They had started walking for the island now, and Alec decided to get bold. "Your visit abroad, then, Major," he said. "That, too, had a practical purpose? You wish to scout the Japanese Air Force as to its practicability as a target for the Red Air Force?"

"My dear boy," Major Palganov said mildly, "the Red Air Force scouted the Japanese Air Force many years before you learned to fly an aircraft. Indeed, I myself shot down thirteen S-Ninety-sevens months before there ever was a second World War."

At which reply Lieutenant Mason became silent.

Next day, following patrols, the men of Fighting Squadron 19 gathered in the wardroom for a gasp of gin rummy, gossip, and browning-off. Mostly they were browning-off, which is to say annoyed.

"Just when you get to thinking

By . . .

## RICHARD SALE

that he's a pretty good Joe." Chick Crowley said, "he comes out with something that makes a guy very wild."

"You guys," spoke up Alec, "are a little hard on the guy."

"Go on!" said Trigger. "All he does is tell me how Russians are the best fliers in the world. He's very modest that way."

"Did he really shoot down thirteen S-Ninety-sevens?" Smoky Thomas asked.

"According to the A.O.," replied Alec, impressed, "he did. That was in June, 1938, in Mongolia, a few miles east of the Khalkin-Gol River. The A.O. said it was one of those unpublicised border clashes that we used to hear about, and that a few little test wars raged for three months."

"Hm," Smoky said, impressed.

"Even so," said Trigger, "a guy doesn't brag about how good he or his kin are when he's out visiting."

The speaker suddenly intoned in the voice of the angel Gabriel, "Lieutenant Alec Mason, telephone Airplot, please."

Alec called Airplot and then returned to the clan. "Gents," he said solemnly, "Major Palganov has just informed the United States Navy that he is ready to fly a Helicat off and on a flat-top, and I have been requested to play pathfinder for him. Can I interest you in a couple of grandstand seats?"

Fighting 19 rose as one man. "We wouldn't," said their spokesman, "miss it for the world!"

In the shortest of interludes, after a good take-off, Palganov was flying wing on Alec Mason.

"Nice take-off, Major," Alec said via radio.

"Thank you, Aile," said Palganov. "It was an unusual experience. These are good aircraft."

They finally came down on Big T from the port side, circling to approach the stern. The flat-top had turned into the wind once more, and the destroyers had taken up landing stations. Alec was extremely cautious in this roosting because he had Palganov following him in, and he didn't want to lead the Russian astray. Also, a certain esprit de corps demanded a perfect sit-down, if only to demonstrate how it should be done. The landing was not bad at all.

Palganov had followed him so closely that the signal officer had to give him the wave-off. The major got it instantly, zoomed over the flight deck and went round the merry-go-round once more. By the time he was back, coming in again, Alec had joined the Fighting 19 guys, who were watching and waiting their glee having been tempered to a bit of honest anxiety.

Palganov eased the Helicat down to the ramp with an easy grace. He made the crate look as if it were all wing and no weight. The S.O. okayed him in and he put her down. He didn't just put her down square on the centre line, and he didn't put her down tail first. He made a perfect three-spot out of it, and when she touched the deck she never left it again in the slightest imitation of a bounce. His arresting gear caught cable and he was down.

Please turn to page 10

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# Penniless Pilot

By . . .

**KATHERINE MERSON**

**T**ONY GRIMSHAW glanced furtively at the clock. Another twenty minutes and he would be able to leave without seeming rude. And then Aunt Henrietta would open her handbag and say: "Here's the customary tip for a not-very-good boy!"

She had said that as she gave him his farewell gift for as long as he could remember, before he went back to boarding-school and, later, to the University.

He wondered now how much it would be this time. On his last leave it had been a tenner—but then it was his birthday, too. Anyway, it wouldn't be less than a fiver, that was positive.

Tony's eyes strayed again to the clock.

His aunt noticed him and sighed. "For heaven's sake, boy, if you want to go—go! I could ask you to dinner, but I'm perfectly aware that, this being your last day of leave, some wild entertainment has been arranged for this evening."

"Well—I have got a date—"

"Ah!" she wagged her head again, "one of these glamor girls, I suppose."

Tony remained silent. It was no use trying to explain to an aunt, sitting there like a period piece in purple taffetas and old lace fichu, and staring coldly down her fine aquiline nose, what it felt to be twenty-three and off the R.A.F. lead for a while.

Auntie Henry wouldn't appreciate the fact that pretty girls were at a premium, that you had to date them up weeks ahead, coping with rival Americans and Poles and Frenchmen on the way. And, most of all, you couldn't explain to an aunt that when you were introduced to Helen Bracken your heart had shot skyward and hadn't returned since.

Auntie Henry sighed again. "You're too casual, Anthony, too fond of a good time. In my father's day you would have been known as a stage-door Johnny. Still . . ."

She stood up, tall and slender. She must have been very beautiful in her day, Tony thought. Queer that she never married, with her wit and her wealth and her undeniable breeding. He grinned at her, for he liked her very much—and not altogether for the "tips," either. She didn't smile. Just stared at him, thoughtfully, with those heavy-lidded eyes that gave nothing away.

"Wait here a moment, Anthony. I left something in the library."

Her handbag, he thought, brightening. He rose lazily to his feet and examined his face in the fustily gilded mirror. He wasn't admiring himself. He was wondering, rather nervously, just how much there was in him for Helen Bracken to admire. He wanted her to like him—terribly!

Helen was one of the golden girls, Ariadne Delise, who was a good sport as well as a lovely, had made the meeting possible at a party in her flat.

He had a date with Helen—the only date she could give him, though they'd met over a week ago. Tonight, at 5.30, at the Splendide. He'd arranged everything. All that remained was for Auntie to produce the cash, so that all these delights could be paid for.

Auntie Henry sailed back into the room, and Tony faced her expectantly.

"It has always been my custom," she said in her thin, sharp voice, "to give you a monetary gift when you honor your poor old aunt with a visit. I must admit, Anthony, that I have been rather offended that you have not stayed with me on your leaves. You were born in this house, you know. However, if you prefer to stay in expensive hotels with your wild flying cronies I must give way to youth's strange ideas of a good time. In spite of all this, I repeat, I was prepared to be generous. And this time my gift will be of even greater value than before—"

Tony's heart leaped. Bless the old girl, bless her heart!

"Of greater value," she repeated, "by which I mean a gift of spiritual value. Here, my dear Anthony, is a book. I trust you will benefit by the wisdom therein." Her thin hand came forward, bestowing on him a neat brown-paper parcel.

Tony's heart dropped like a stone. He sat down weakly. His mouth opened and shut. A book—great jumping wild-cats—a book! A sickly smile slid over his staggered face. "Why, Auntie, I—I don't know w-what to say!"

The ice-blue eyes gleamed, whether with humor or malice, Tony

didn't know or care. "I'm quite sure you don't, Anthony! It is very valuable—but not," she added, seeing hope dawn in her nephew, "of pawnable value! Its worth lies in the writing." She smiled again.

"Now run along and keep your appointment, my dear nephew, and I shall be grateful to hear from you from time to time."

Auntie Henry leaned forward, graciously as he rose. He kissed her ivory cheek. Somehow he got out of the house, hailed a taxi, and was in it before the full horror of the situation dawned upon him.

Frenziedly, Tony pulled at his pockets and scattered their contents on the floor. Comb. Return pass to Cornwall. Identity papers. Packet of fags and a lighter flint. Spare collar-stud and two handkerchiefs, one of them clean.

And his money—all there was of it—twelve shillings and one penny.

He went through every pocket again, hoping that a forgotten fiver might emerge. He counted his loose change all over again, putting the odd penny on one side to avoid higher mathematics. It was no use. He had twelve shillings—and a date with a girl who looked as though she dined on grilled emeralds and drank liquid platinum.

Tony groaned. Curse Auntie Henry! Why, of all times, must she choose this evening to give an imitation of Scrooge? A book—food for thought, indeed! He'd paid his hotel bill that morning, confident of the usual auntly tip. How he wished he hadn't! He thought of

the cocktails at the Splendide, half a crown per thimbleful. The table ordered at Toni's. The two stalls—fifteen shillings each. Horror, horror, utter horror!

He stared gloomily through the window. The sun was shining. People were coming out of the shops and offices, looking bright and expectant. A perfect evening for romance—on twelve shillings.

The taxi was two shillings. He parted with a precious half-crown and sped past the open palm of the commissionaire with a scarlet, averted face.

Helen was sitting in the vestibule and looking so utterly beautiful that Tony wanted to burst into tears. She looked as sweet as a daffodil, as fresh as crisp lettuce—and like a million dollars.

"Hallo!" Tony said. He sank beside her and let out a whistle. "I say, you look absolutely—absolutely—"

"It's nice, isn't it?" she stroked the fur jacket.

Tony decided to get it over and done with. "Look, Helen, this evening will be a wash-out. I thought Auntie Henry would produce the necessary, and she didn't. I've got exactly twelve shillings—no, less than that."

She looked faintly surprised, but not unduly alarmed. "Who," she asked, "is Auntie Henry?"

Tony told her with gusto. Auntie Henry would not have been flattered. When he got to the presentation of the book Helen laughed,

a low, chuckling laugh that did the oddest things to Tony's spine.

"The first thing," Helen said, in a voice amazingly brisk and efficient, "is to get out of here before we pay a bill for wear and tear on the furniture."

They began to walk down Park Lane, with Tony gaping down at her. "But you don't seem to understand, darling. All my plans for us are dashed. No food, no show, no taxis."

"Oh, I think we can eat—but differently, of course. Look, if you don't mind, let me plan the evening."

Tony floated through space, admiring the stars on the way. "You mean," he said incredulously, "that you're not going to ditch me?"

"Why should I?" She was about to say something, and didn't. She saw his blank amazement. She smiled. "Why, it will be most amusing!"

"Oh," Tony's voice was flat. Amusing. That was the word. Something to tell the girls about. Her noble waste of an evening, taking pity on a penniless pilot. Something to laugh about when she was dancing with some other pilot who wasn't broke, and wearing his flowers in her hair.



"It is very valuable," Aunt Henry declared, holding out the book, "but not of pawnable value!"





"First of all, Tony, we must go back to Ariadne's flat—I'm staying with her, you know—and I'll change. This outfit isn't exactly suitable for—"

"A bench on the Embankment," Tony concluded bitterly.

She shook his arm. "Listen. I don't mind your being broke, but I do mind your being dreary."

He sat in Ariadne's frilly pink lounge, lit a cigarette, and prepared for a long wait. To his astonishment Helen appeared within seven minutes, looking so different that it took his breath away. She had bare legs, ankle socks, and the kind of shoes you can walk in. There was a mysterious woollen garment bundled under her arm. Her dress was a skirt of red and white checked gingham, topped by a white cotton blouse.

"Good gracious!" Tony exclaimed. She reddened. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, it's cute all right. But I'm used to—well, the sort of rig you had on first."

"Oh, I—I thought I'd dress for the part. Maybe I've overdone it."

Tony sensed an approaching coldness. He gave her a little push. "Don't be a silly—it's sweet! And you're more than sweet to spend an evening with a guy with precious little cash and even less ideas about what to do with it."

She melted. She tucked her arm through his and they walked down the stairs. "I planned everything," she informed him importantly, "while I was dressing. First, we'll walk to Leicester Square station and you will buy two fourpenny tickets."

The underground was packed.

They swayed toward each other, swayed away again. People scrambled in and scrambled out. He trod on her foot and she smiled at him. Tony's heart leaped. "Next stop!" she said.

"Why, it's Hampstead!"

"Do you know it well?"

"Not at all. I wanted to go to the Fairs when I was a kid but Auntie Henry said I would catch something nasty."

That struck them as uproariously funny. They giggled all the way up in the lift. Laughter from the young and gay is very infectious. By the time the lift reached the top everybody in it was smiling and saying it was a lovely evening, and it had been a lovely day, and England in June was lovely, wasn't it?

"Beer?" Tony suggested hopefully, "and food?"

Helen shook her head. "You must earn it first, my boy. I'm taking you on a conducted tour. It will work up your appetite."

First, she took him to Keats Grove. They stood outside and peered through the railings. Keats' House was very silent, resting in the quiet garden. Tranquillity sank deep into you, filling up the aching hollows, rounding off the worrying corners.

"Nice," Tony declared. Somehow it was the right word.

Helen stirred beside him. "Poor lovesick boy, living there, writing his hopeless letters to Fanny Brawne. Do you read his poetry?"

"I used to quite a bit." He might have been confessing to a liking for cocaine. "Mind you," he added hastily, "I was very young." He was struck by an astonishing thought. "Do you read poetry?"

"Everyone knows about Keats," she said evasively, "and you're always passing this place when you live in Hampstead. I used to, you know."

It seemed incredible to Tony to imagine her living anywhere that wasn't within a mile of the Ritz, but he accepted it.

Then on they went. Up to the old part of Hampstead, an intriguing jumble of Georgian elegance and Victorian horror and twentieth-century concrete. They stopped to admire a rambling white-

painted house radiant in the evening sunshine.

"That's Romney's house," Helen told him, "there he painted—and loved—Emma Hamilton."

"It seems to me," Tony commented, "that everybody who lived in this place was having love-trouble."

"It wasn't all unrequited," she assured him solemnly, "wait until you see the churchyard—it's full of families who lived happily to a ripe old age."

"I've seen a churchyard," Tony protested, "they give me the creeps." But this one didn't. It was crowded and compact and friendly.

"This is what I like," Helen said softly, "this—written here—"

Tony read it aloud:

"A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing—and so  
good-bye."

He took her hand. "It makes everything look the right size, doesn't it? It makes you feel sad and gay, both at the same time." He stared down at her, puzzled, and his hand tightened on hers.

"You are a funny sort of glamor-girl, darling!" he said in equally solemn tones.

"Oh—" Helen shrugged. "I suppose it's a mood."

He walked on toward the heath in silence. She glanced at him. "Tony, are you bored?"

He wasn't. But he couldn't tell her that her casual reference to a mood had taken all the joy out of the evening. That it reminded him, once again, that this wasn't the real Helen.

"I'll show you the roundabout," Helen's voice was anxious like a baffled mother trying to please an unpredictable child.

It was quite a stretch to the Vale of Health. Tony's legs were beginning to ache. "Usually," he panted, "I get out of an aeroplane

"Oh, Tony, do you think I'm bossy?" Helen asked in surprise.

into something else, if you know what I mean. But, of course, if you're anxious to exercise. Keeps your figure in trim."

The roundabout, a permanent fixture, had quite a band of worshippers gathered round it, staring nostalgically at the gaudy paintwork.

A grey-haired woman sighed: "How Peter and Timmy loved it here, Harry! Do you remember how—" She stopped on a funny little gasp.

Her husband took her arm. "They'll come back, my dear. You mustn't worry so much."

"I wish," Helen said, watching them walk away. "I wish—oh, Tony, I'd like to put everything right for everybody!"

Her face was sad. He touched it lightly with a brown finger. "Put something right for me, sweet—let me get off my feet!"

"Just a little farther on—it's nicer farther on."

She chose a spot on a grassy bank. Tony fell flat on his back and closed his eyes. "Heaven!"

"We'll rest for half an hour," Helen pronounced, "and then we'll eat. I know a pub where you can sit out in the open."

Tony opened an eye mockingly. "You're a regular tourist's delight, aren't you? Bustling here, and bustling there—"

She looked appalled. "Oh, Tony, do you think I'm bossy?"

"Horribly, sweet! I can see you in the future, ordering some poor, tattered little husband round like—"

But she wouldn't, of course. Girls like Helen didn't get that kind of a husband. Girls like Helen married very rich, very dictatorial men. Girls like Helen left the stage when they married, and they spent their whole

lives being shampooed and manicured and massaged. Staying young, and gay, long after they should. And looking rather frightened about the eyes, because there were always younger lovelies.

Tony got up abruptly and lit a cigarette. He didn't want to think of Helen like that. He'd never bothered before, to think about the girls he took round. They had to be gay and groomed—and that was all one wanted. Helen made him think too much.

"Food," he said, and meant it.

The pub overlooked the heath. Tony ordered beer and sandwiches and carried them out to their table.

"I'd prefer lem-squash, please, Tony."

"I can run to a cocktail," he said rather acidly. "I've got over five shillings left."

"It isn't that. I don't like cocktails. You'll want some cash for the train to-morrow. What will you do when you get to Cornwall?"

"Oh—pawm something."

She looked at him. "What are you going to do after the war, Tony?"

"Lord, I haven't given it a thought. Mess round. I'd rather like a year in Spain."

Helen averted her eyes. "Oh, Auntie Henry, of course. I'd forgotten her."

He flushed. "I was under twenty when this war happened. A chap is entitled to some fun. That's what you'll see you get, isn't it? You'll marry, and—"

She put her hand over his. "Don't let's quarrel!"

"Were we?"

"Very nearly."

Please turn to page 39



**T**HE major joined them at the island. Fighting 19 tried to keep a straight face as they congratulated him, but even Trigger McCune, that iconoclast, said, "Well, sir, I never have seen anybody do it as neat as that the first time."

"Nonsense!" Major Palganov replied blandly. "Any pilot of the Red Air Force could do the same thing."

The Ice Age came down over Trigger's face, and soon enveloped the rest of them, too. Why, Alec thought, does the guy have to go chipping his teeth right when he's all squared away with these slugs?

Next morning Major Palganov flew out on dawn patrol with Fighting Squadron 19, and in the subsequent ascensions he was always there, expertly and efficiently flying chase on the formation.

D-Day minus three. In the darkness of the stateroom, deep down in Big T, Alec had just closed his eyes with the hope that he would dream of a girl named Sally. He could hear Major Palganov, who had been sharing the stateroom, turning restlessly.

"Alig?" the major said finally.

"Yes, sir?"

"Alig—when I call you Alig, don't call me 'sir.' When I call you 'Alig,' then I am 'Palganov' or 'Hooligan' or 'Ivan.'"

Alec was silent.

"You see," the major said, "a man likes to hear his name spoken like a comrade when he is very lonely. And I am very lonely. I am not used to such ocean. It lacks land. Also, I am very far from home."

Alec said nothing. He felt embarrassed.

"Why do not the hooligans like me?" Palganov said.

"They like you fine, sir," Alec said.

Palganov sighed. "I thought we would be honest. I ask you to be honest. I am lonely perhaps because I do not fit in. The hooligans do not like me at all."

Alec said, "Well, sir, if you—"

And then he faded. You couldn't put it in words of one syllable and you couldn't make it sound diplomatic. "They like you, pal," he finished lamely. "Really they do. But they're not sure of you, that's all. They're just not sure. Some of them, maybe, think you're a little too much practical—you know—"

"If something is not practical it is of no use to a man," said Palganov.

Alec ignored that and continued, "And they think maybe that you're a little—you know—firm about how good you and the Red Air Force are, like your saying that any Russian pilot could have made a carrier landing the way you did first time out."

"But anyone could have!" Palganov said simply.

"Uh-huh," Alec replied. "Good-night, Major."

D-Day was minus two when the carrier striking force hit the Japanese periphery, that invisible line from which aircraft could now go into action to prepare D-Day for H-Hour.

The pilots of Fighting 19 were briefed briefly in the ready room.

As they went up to the flight deck Alec said, "Major, this may be

## Gentleman from Stalingrad

Continued from page 7

rough. You've got to be pretty careful."

"Yes," Palganov nodded. "You understand, of course, that I am an observer and will not engage in any action. I asked that my guns not be loaded."

"I countermanded that," Alec said. "I understand that you won't fight, but it seemed wiser for the guns to be loaded, so that you might protect yourself, should you get mixed up with something."

"Very well. Thank you."

Fighting 19 took off first. Alec wheeled his squadron due west at seven thousand feet in stepped-up echelon, with Major Palganov's F-6 riding the top step of the formation.

The Hellcats were at four thousand feet, nearing the targets on which they had been briefed. Alec made his habitual scan of the sky. He was electrified. "Zeros!" he yelled. "Zeros at three o'clock!"

Trigger called, "Where'd they come from? Where'd they come from?"

"Carrier!" Alec replied. "Carrier-based. They've got to be. Anybody who gets through this or anybody who grabs the chance, tag any wounded ducks to their home base and see where the flat-top is! If you locate it, geeve a yell. Talleyho!"

The leading Zeros dropped on either side of Alec and behind him, their fire boxing him ahead. He banked away from its connecting point, but they banked with him, and he was still in the V. He leapt the F-6, trying to sweep over the top of the tracer lines, but no dice. The Jojo kids were good. Finally he threw full flaps to the Hellcat, and then banked. He turned inside them just as one line of tracer stopped. To his astonishment, Alec saw a Zeke flash by, burning like a rocket, with the avenging gentleman from Stalingrad very close on the comet's tail.

"Major, for the love of Mike!" Alec said via radio.

**MAJOR PALGANOV** hauled out in a sweeping circle as Alec came riding up under the tail of the Zero, which had now overshoot him. He made a short, sweet deflection shot and got some hits in the tail. Spouts of aeroplane came away from the Zero and it dived hard for the sea. Alec watched it sharply. It did not burn and it looked well under control.

"Trigger from Alec," he called. "Take over the squadron. Got a lame duck."

He climbed fast, watching the Zero. It went down to fifty feet and he thought it would crash, after all, but over the sea, it levelled and ran for the north-west, the tail smoking.

When Alec got cloud cover at seven thousand, he levelled off and followed the Jap. Behind him, in a killing position, was another aeroplane. Its pilot was Ivan Palganov.

Alec found the wounded Zeke again, and the chase continued. It lasted on twenty minutes. And finally Alec stopped watching the Zero and watched mother. For mother was on the pan of the horizon, steaming westerly—a very nice Japanese carrier of some ten thousand tons, in the company of several light cruisers and her destroyer screen.

Alec dropped down to the Zero's tail, Palganov right behind him. The Jap never even knew they were there. He was glad to get home to mother and, obviously, had thought he would never make it. Alec and Palganov squatted square behind the Zero, fifty feet above the Pacific.

The carrier began to swing toward the north to head into the wind. If they could reach her before she had the wind, no plane could take off and none could land.

The Jap wheeled his head round. Alec opened fire instantly. The Jap lunged into the sea. Alec and Palganov had to climb on the spur of the moment to avoid the splash.

Palganov called, "Let me go in first."

"Major, get out of here!" Alec said. "They've opened fire."

"Let me first!" Palganov said, and leapt over Alec into the lead position.

It suddenly occurred to Alec that Palganov had never dropped the auxiliary gas tank during the scramble. No one had ever reminded the Russian to release the thing in a fight. If that tracer hit it now—

The ramp of the flat-top loomed ahead. On the flight deck, Japs took cover from the planes that were warming for take-off.

Palganov zoomed up over the flight deck in a thundering skyrocket and released the gas tank. It fell to the flight deck and its plastic form was smashed to bits, effectively spraying the whole area with gasoline. It struck in the centre of the deck. Palganov whipped away with tracer following at him. Some touched him.

Alec came up over the flight deck with one tremendous climb, which he peaked and reversed. He dived down with all the machine-guns rattling, and the tracer hit home. There was a puff of ignition, and before he had reached the bow of the ship, the flight deck was a peculiar sea of orange flames. After which, Alec and Palganov executed the well-known naval manoeuvre of scrambling out of there.

Down in the wardroom lounge the chicks of Fighting 19 were toasting Major Palganov, and when Alec finally got there the place looked like a fiesta in Rio.

**G**REETING Alec with a grin, Trigger said solemnly: "The Soviet seersucker tells us that he shot down the Zero on your tail because it was the only practical thing to do."

"But it was," protested Palganov. "I was not sure of my navigation and I thought if Alig is shot, how will Palganov find his way back to the aircraft carrier? There was nothing else to do."

"And the Molotov cocktail?" Alec grinned.

"An accident, I assure you," said Palganov soberly. "I was unfamiliar with your aircraft. How did I know it would drop off at that moment? It is not neutral for a neutral observer to do such things with premeditation."

"Paigie," said Trigger, "you're the goods. But don't tell us how any Russian pilot could have made a first-class carrier landing first time in."

"But any Soviet pilot could," said Palganov, puzzled. "Why do you not believe it? Red Air Force men learn to fly on planes with skis. You must make a perfect three-point landing in a ski plane, or the ski breaks, and you crash up. Landing on the aircraft-carrier is exactly the same way, only more so. It is a very practical way to learn to fly an aircraft."

"Paigie, you're colossal," said Alec. "Is that good?" Palganov asked furiously. He peered at their faces and found his answer.

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# With the W.A.A.A.F.

—by VIRGIL



Waaaf in summer duds

Maintenance work on Spitfires

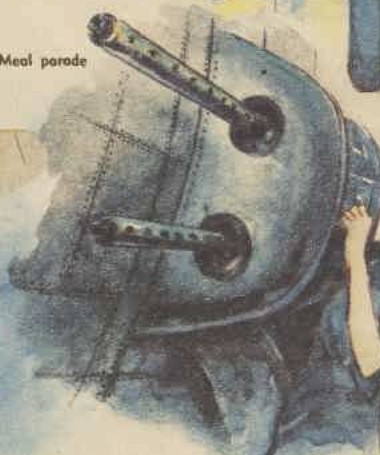


Squadron officer in winter blues



Meal parade

"Guns are my job, you stick to your flying"



About one in three does clerical work



Air-minded Waaafs are taken for routine flights



Catalina care



They have developed a purposeful stride



Keeping fit is essential



Parachute inspection



Bringing them in on the beam



Her tractor moves planes and material around drome



Seaplane bases are popular

Virgil



# THE W.A.A.F. IS NOW FOUR YEARS OLD . . .

**B**IRTHDAY greetings to the W.A.A.F., which is now four years old! Its total strength is approximately 18,500, of whom the largest group—4000—are doing various forms of signals and communication work. Next to them in numbers are cooks and mess stewardesses—3000—while 1500 work on aircraft in both technical and unskilled jobs. These photographs were taken on a tour of R.A.A.F. stations by a staff photographer of The Australian Women's Weekly.



**AT A NORTHERN BASE,** Waaafs travel to work by trailer bus from their camp a few miles out.



**FABRIC WORKERS** ACWs Carol Horman, Jean Hewens, and Peg Miller doing repairs on a Catalina flying-boat.



**ACW JUDY LINDEMAN,** transport driver, from Merriwa, N.S.W., tows a Catalina up from the slipway at a flying-boat maintenance depot in the Far North.



**TELGRAPHIST** ACW Mollie Winter had two sisters, two brothers, in Services. One brother was killed.

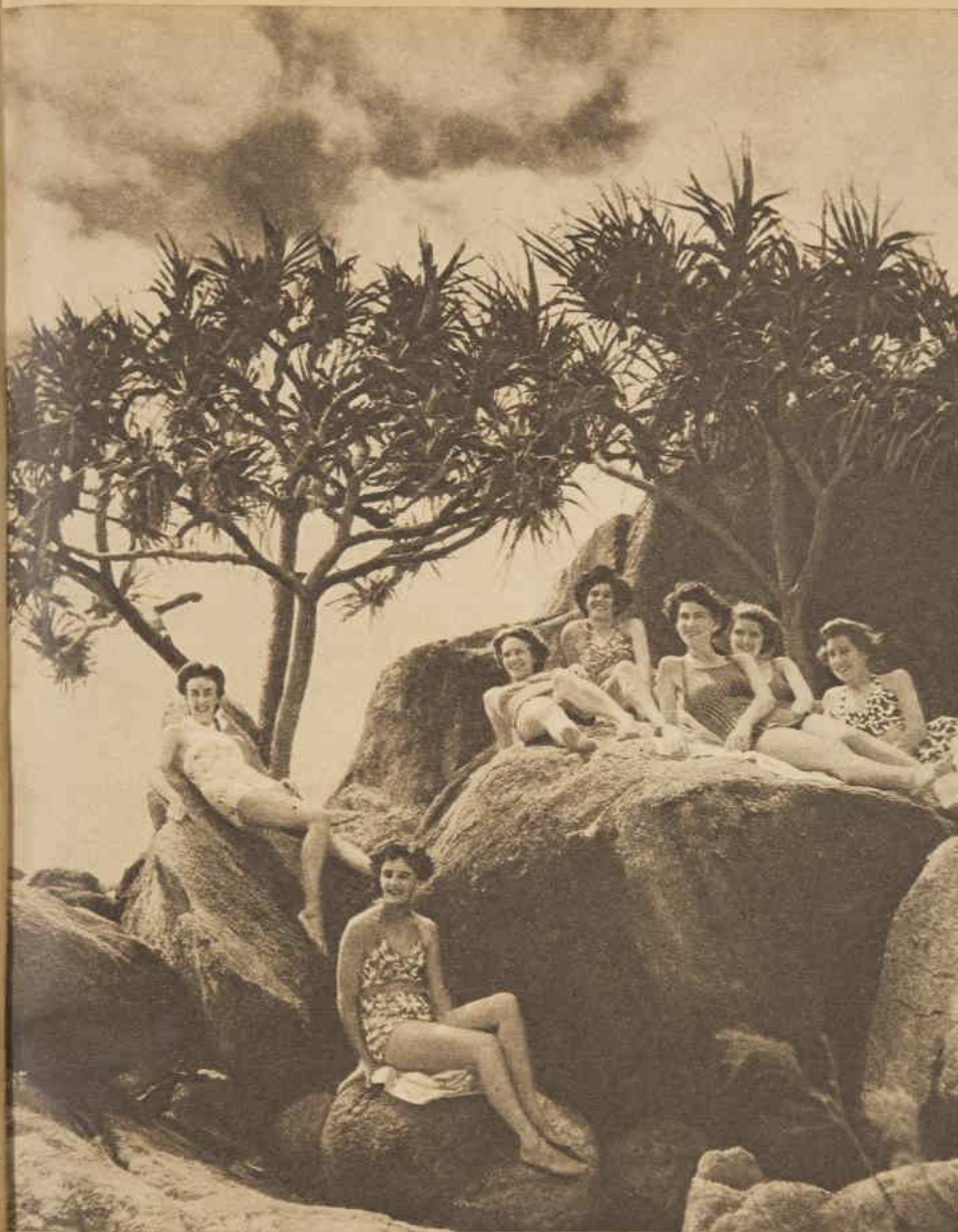


**CORPORAL NAN DOYLE,** wireless-telegraphist, sets out for night shift, taking rations for supper.



**AIRCRAFTWOMEN** and aircraftmen at work on a Mark 8 Spitfire at a training unit.

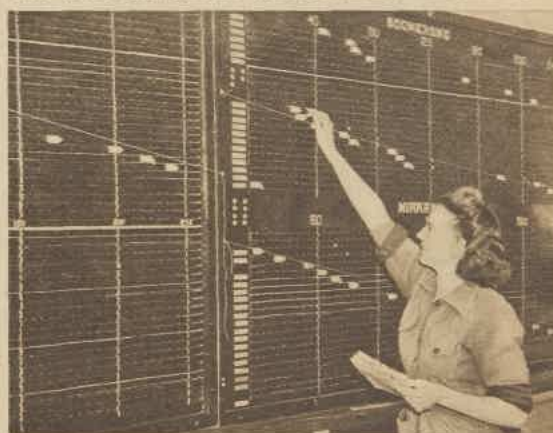




**SHIFT WORKERS** of the W.A.A.A.F. sunbathing on the rocks by a beach near their Far North station.



**BUCKET PARADE** at Tocumwal, N.S.W. Waaafs have to cart water they need to wash down floors in their huts.



**STAGGER BOARD** records flying hours of every aircraft in training unit. ACW Ruby Grieve adds day's totals.



**ACW BETTY SHIRLEY** cooks for 250 in airmen's mess in former hotel in North. Husband is a P.O.W.



**"DOPING" PATCHES** on a flying-boat. Tarmac is right on the beach at this maintenance unit. Aircraft come direct from operational areas, often with bullet and shrapnel holes in fabric.





# A Picture of distinction .. in **WOOL**

No, it's *not* an overseas illustration  
but a photograph of a three-piece  
from one of Australia's best stores.

She's a Spartan lass who does not start counting up her coupons at the sight of a suit like this. It's Wool, of course . . . with all the beauty and inherent quality of an all-Wool fabric. Put it on . . . and due to the natural elasticity of Wool, it fits perfectly. Sit down . . . and when you rise, look over your shoulder in a mirror . . . every fold and wrinkle is smoothed out. Step out-of-doors . . . and if it is sprinkling, there is no need to worry, for Wool resists dampness as no other fabric does. And, of course, Wool simply wears and wears. In centuries of endeavour man has not found a fibre to replace Wool with its properties of strength, elasticity, warmth and durability.



INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD



# Soldiers delighted with gift of watermelons

Footsore, tired and parched, a thousand soldiers were halted outside a paddock full of watermelons.

When the owners invited the soldiers to help themselves, they wasted no time in accepting the invitation, and their gratitude knew no bounds.

One of the thousand tells the story in a letter to his wife, Mrs. G. Epps, 92 Francis St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.



PAPAWS being taken back to camp by LAC C. F. Pearce, R.A.A.F., in the Pacific. Photo sent by his wife at 17 Callander St., Hughesdale, Vic.

"A THOUSAND tongues were parched, a thousand pairs of feet were burning, nerves were frayed.

"We pulled up for a smoke four miles from camp, right opposite a paddock of melons.

"There were hundreds of them. "But there was also a house, and on the verandah the owner of the melons.

"The C.O. and all the officers had their eyes on us, so no chance of getting inside that fence—just a thousand mouths watering as their owners fancied they were spitting out melon seeds.

"Then Mum joined Dad on the verandah.

"She summed up the situation in a glance.

"Would you like a melon, boys?" she called out. "I think there are enough to go round."

"A stunned silence for two seconds. Then the gallant—th went into action.

"Men who a few minutes before could hardly drag one foot after another went flying over a four-foot fence like antelopes.

"I think every man jack of us finished up with a melon.

"But, what a gesture! They could have got two bob apiece from the boys without any trouble; but no, that old couple just stood there and smiled at us tearing their profits and garden to shreds.

"We moved on. As each company passed that house it sang 'For They Are Jolly Good Fellows,' and the cheers could have been heard 20 miles away."

Lieut. C. S. Sadlier, in the North, to his mother, Mrs. E. Sadlier, Launceston, Tas.:

"WHEN we were nearer Darwin, one of the theatres we visited intrigued me.

"Hundreds of soldiers, sailors, and airmen of three or four different nationalities sitting on boxes, stools, petrol tins, anything at all.

"The bright starry night seemingly closed all round; the white screen in startling contrast with the ruins of the bombed building it hangs from. The occasional grone of a plane, and the lights ceaselessly searching the sky. I will never forget it."

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

An R.A.A.F. Warrant Officer in India, to a friend at Barcol-dine, Qld.:

"I WENT into town the day before yesterday, and took my camera to try and get some snaps.

"One photo I obtained was funny to speak about, and looked funny at the time, but little did I realise that I was in danger of being knifed.

"I was riding along in a rickshaw with a Canuck friend of mine, and I saw a beautiful statue of a goddess standing near a well. Up I went and yelled out to the Canuck to take a picture.

"I put my arm round the statue of the goddess and at the same time

## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of Orlex Compound and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



MESSING STAFF of an R.A.A.F. squadron in New Guinea. Sent by LAC Tom Prior, second from right, front row, to his wife at 32 Leslie St., Kilkenny, S.A.

I had my foot up on the stone platform. Then the trouble started.

"Wogs came from miles away and gathered round us. 'No good, Sahib. Goddess say no good. You get up there with shoes on. Goddess, she say, kill.'"

"I didn't know what to do, so I told them I didn't know anything about it, and that I would take off my shoes and kiss the goddess' feet.

"I did, and here I am writing this letter."

LAC J. Winters, R.A.A.F., Pacific, to his mother, Mrs. I. Winters, Maroubra, N.S.W.:

"WE went flying yesterday over Jap territory, and came down extra low to drop our bombs. We could see the Nips going like hell.

"I was operating a machine-gun from the side of the 'kite,' and you can imagine the kick I got out of that. I fired about 400 rounds, and I like to think I hit a few Japs."

## IF HER POWDER PUFF COULD TALK...

MY DEAR, YOUR SKIN IS GETTING BLOTCHY, UNATTRACTIVE. AND DO I SEE A BLACKHEAD?

Powder can only mask ugly skin faults. Clear them right away with

**Rexona** MEDICATED SOAP

AND THEN:

I LOVE TO BE NEAR YOU SALLY—YOUR SKIN IS SO LOVELY

THINKS: I'D NEVER HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS FROM BILL IF REXONA HADN'T HELPED MY SKIN!



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CABYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Teaberry and Boron Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments.

If your powder puff could talk would it complain of coarse pores, blotchiness, a drab complexion? Avoid these faults with regular use of Rexona Medicated Soap. It contains medicaments to float out any poisons and make skin fresh and youthful. Keep your skin kissable, naturally lovely with Rexona.

X.39.26

## PICTURE STORY

### Watch dawn



### Watch clock



### Watch out

Sleepless nights just can't go on. Something is bound to happen. To-night, you must sleep. You must sleep peacefully, restfully... and you will! Just drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed. Soon you will be in deep, sound sleep. And, while you sleep, all the natural food elements in Horlicks... the proteins, fat, carbohydrates... will be preparing you for to-morrow. You'll wake refreshed and full of energy. Yes—Horlicks is a complete food in itself, and is partly pre-digested.

No trouble to prepare Horlicks. Simply add hot water and mix well. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

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PLANNED kitchen efficiency with that "joy-to-behold" appearance can be designed on simple rules. While colour is a matter of individual liking, the rock-bottom of a fine kitchen plan are the Hotpoint Electric Appliances about which uniform cabinets and cupboards are grouped to form the cooking, dishwashing, storage and food preparation centres in logical order to minimise steps and effort. This beautiful Hotpoint all-electric kitchen was organised on the "work-centre" idea. It grew step by step. It was begun with a range and refrigerator. Later the dishwasher-sink unit was added and one by one, at gift-times, iron, electric food-mixer, clock, toaster, coffee percolator completed the plan. What would a kitchen like this mean to you?

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# PRINCESS ELIZABETH becomes second-subaltern



COSTUME of the 'nineties worn by Princess Elizabeth in "Old Mother Red Riding Boots," the pantomime staged by herself and Princess Margaret at Windsor Castle.



THE PRINCESS with Lord Mayor of London at meeting of National Society For Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which she is president.



SALUTING the bridge of the Sea Scout at the Sea Scouts' Exhibition. Princess Elizabeth is a member of the Sea Rangers.

## Heiress-Presumptive joins A.T.S. and earns 7/4 a day

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London office

For the first time in her life Princess Elizabeth now joins a pay queue.

As a second-subaltern in the Auxiliary Territorial Service of the British Empire the Heiress-Presumptive to the Throne of England will draw seven shillings and fourpence a day and there will be no extra allowances.

**EIGHTEEN - YEAR - OLD** Princess Elizabeth came of age last birthday, shouldering many responsibilities of state.

But she also became eligible for call-up and, convinced she could best serve her country in one or other of the women's services, she decided on the A.T.S.

Second-Subaltern Windsor's kit-bags are packed and labelled in her room at Buckingham Palace while the Princess spends the last days of her civilian life with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret.

The War Office has issued her with two hundred service coupons, which is the allowance for an A.T.S. officer.

They are special service coupons and can only be used for uniform.

The King's tailor measured and fitted the Royal volunteer and the usual £50 uniform allowance to officers was granted her.

The Princess' kit consists of two service dress caps with badges, two service jackets similar to Army officer's pattern, two service dress skirts 18 inches from the ground with three-inch hems, two drab shirts, four drab collars, one pair of brown gloves, one drab tie, one greatcoat, and two pairs of brown shoes.

She will wear regulation underwear and receive issue battledress.

Princess Elizabeth, with her fair complexion, blue eyes, and fair curly hair, looks very smart in her khaki uniform.

She has had her hair cut slightly shorter to regulation length, but does not need to leave off lipstick or colored nail varnish, because she uses neither lipstick, rouge, nor varnish.

Undoubtedly the King will miss Princess Elizabeth when she goes off to the barrack-room, for he and his eldest daughter are real companions.

A new film of Princess Elizabeth's

life, which has just been finished and received final approval from the King and Queen, has one intimate shot that reveals just how much affection there is between the King and the Princess.

It is a close-up shot of the Royal Family sitting on the terrace at Windsor Castle.

The King is watching his daughters at play, when the wind ruffles the King's hair.

Princess Elizabeth goes forward with an unconscious, spontaneous movement to smooth her father's hair back again.

In this film the Princess and the King can be seen riding together in Windsor Great Park or walking in the country.

Throughout the fifteen minutes of this short film of the Princess is shown the love and affection each member of the Royal Family has for the other.

Sequences are definitely unrehearsed, for the film is woven cleverly round a series of newsreel shots.

Second-Subaltern Elizabeth Windsor will have no extra privileges whatever while in the A.T.S.

She will share the life of her sister officers, do exactly the same

training, sleep in a camp bed, keep her clothes in a tin locker, and share the junior officers' mess.

Rauketa will call her "Ma'am," and she in turn will call her senior officer "Ma'am."

This is exactly as the Princess wants it.

She wants to be plain Elizabeth Windsor, and it is her sincere wish she will be left to carry out the duties of second-subaltern.

No one will curtail to Elizabeth Windsor. She will salute and take salutes. She will be responsible to her Commanding Officer for everything.

A close friend of the Princess at

Buckingham Palace told me: "The Princess wishes to throw herself heart and soul into this job."

"In this she is fulfilling not only her own desire, but also the wish of the King and Queen."

Second-Subaltern Windsor will attend any parades which may be arranged in the usual routine.

She will take part in all the ordinary routine work of her unit, and official quarters stress the fact that while in training she will not have any time off, to engage in any public duties.

Like other members of the Royal Family, the Princess realises that Service duties must come first.

Though Princess Elizabeth will be subject to all the rules for joining or retiring from the A.T.S., and is determined not to have any regulations relaxed for her, there is one thing she must not forget.

She must be ready to ascend the Throne at any time.

Princess Elizabeth came of age on her eighteenth birthday—that is, she reached the Royal majority, which is three years before that of ordinary British subjects.

## Future responsibilities

If anything were to happen to the King, the Princess would immediately be demobilised to assume full responsibility as Queen of England.

Should the King leave England, the Princess would be a member of the Council of State which performs the functions of the King during His Majesty's absence, and she would have to obtain her Commanding Officer's permission to attend Council meetings.

These take place once daily for the purpose of signing and approving such documents and new measures as may come up.

Since Princess Elizabeth reached her eighteenth birthday she has led a very busy life.

This last year has been most formative, for she has undertaken many public duties, accepting with her majority full share of her responsibilities.

She has gained complete self-confidence, which will stand her in good stead in her role of A.T.S. officer.

All the girlish shyness that made her earlier in the year just a little frightened has gone.

## Facts about the W.A.A.A.F.

By GROUP-OFFICER CLARE G. STEVENSON, Director W.A.A.A.F.

**EVERY** Air Force in the Empire was short of trained men and equipment when the first few women were permitted to join the ground staff of the Royal Australian Air Force.

Four years later to the month the Minister for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, speaking in the House of Commons on March 6, declared that Allied Air Forces had won full mastery of the air. He supported his statement by casualty figures from bomber squadrons.

In 1941, 4.1 per cent. of the aircraft despatched was lost. In 1944 this was reduced to 1.7 per cent. and in the first two months of this year the rate dropped to 1.1 per cent.

It is obvious from these statements that the greater the strength of our Air Forces the safer are the men who take the aircraft out.

Members of the W.A.A.A.F. in Australia are very proud that their contribution to the Service has helped to strengthen our air-power and in this way contri-

buted to the safety of aircrews in action.

In his statement Sir Archibald Sinclair paid a tribute to the Empire Air Training Scheme — "the huge structure on which the R.A.F. had been built."

In our small way we members of the W.A.A.A.F. have helped in this scheme also by the carrying out of thousands of tasks.

At the close of 1944 there were 5500 members of the W.A.A.A.F. employed on full-time duties at air-crew training establishments where men were being trained to take part in air operations all over the world.



Group-Officer Clare G. Stevenson

Four years ago there were people who said that service in the W.A.A.A.F. would spoil women. They said that airwomen would not want to marry and have children, but there is ample proof that this is not true. In actual fact, so many airwomen have left the Service for this reason that we still want many more recruits.



# Editorial

MARCH 24, 1945

## FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE

FOUR years ago 200 girls were enrolled to run the first W.A.A.A.F. training depot.

Apart from the nursing services they were Australia's first service-women, and everyone watched to see how they would "make out."

From that small nucleus has grown a force of 18,500 women, accepting discipline, knowing comradeship and the satisfaction of working together toward a common goal.

To visit the W.A.A.A.F. on R.A.A.F. stations is to realise just how well they have "made out."

The extent to which they have fulfilled the challenge of recruiting posters, "Release a man for more urgent duty," is impressive and inspiring.

So is their relationship with the men of the R.A.A.F. There is a commonsense comradeship between the girls and men working alongside each other that makes the arguments about women in the post-war world seem unnecessary fussation.

The girls are justifiably proud they have proved themselves competent to work alongside men, but most of them have already made up their minds that a home, husband, and family will come first when they say good-bye to service life.

For those who have not seen the W.A.A.A.F. actually on the job it is difficult to realise the sense of urgency that still actuates them as strongly now as it did in the first rush of enlistments.

As the offensive in the Pacific speeds up, heavier demands will be made on the W.A.A.A.F. They will continue to "make out" with flying colors.

## SAILORS' MOTHERS

AFTER H.M.A.S. Australia and Shropshire were in action recently, A/B. John Corcoran, of Shropshire, wrote to his mother in Bondi, N.S.W. "Some of the Australia boys have been badly burned. You will find out where they are. Try to make them comfortable and happy."

Mrs. Corcoran located two, Billy Sutton (W.A.) and Alvin Williams (S.A.), only survivors of their particular group. Both were badly burned, and Billy hung between life and death for several weeks.

Mrs. Corcoran and a neighbor, Mrs. Clarke, another sailor's mother, visited the boys, organized social functions, and with the proceeds and other donations bought the boys a radio each and other comforts.

SEVERAL threepences sent in a Christmas pudding helped to save the life of an A.I.F. Commando in the Torricelli Mountains in New Guinea.

Mrs. A. L. Shields, of Wangaratta, Vic., sent the pudding to her son, Lieut. W. R. J. Shields, in a Commando unit.

When an intricate brain operation had to be performed on one of his mates, the threepences were made into tiny silver scalp clips by Corporal Armorer H. McIntosh, of Melbourne, and his assistant, Trooper G. Fordon, Inverell, N.S.W.

FRENCH aircraft workers of the factories at Suresnes recently presented to Minister for Air Charles Tillon the hundredth plane built in France since the liberation.

## Responsible

HALLETT ABEND in his "Pacific Charter" leaves no doubt that Hirohito, 124th Emperor of his line, and supposed lineal descendant of the Sun Goddess, knows of the atrocities committed by the Japanese Army.

He says a high civilian Japanese official made a personal report to the Emperor on the rape of Nanking.

"This man told me things about the conduct of Nippon's soldiers which I had not heard from other sources and which were too horrible to set forth in print," says Abend. Abend quotes the official thus:

"I was accorded the very rare honor of a summons to the palace for more than two hours of private conversation with the Emperor. When I entered the great hall of audience he ordered all attendants to retire to the doors beyond hearing.

"Then he had a pillow placed for me and I spent two hours on my knees at his feet while he bent over and had me whisper into his ear all that I knew about the events following the capture of Nanking. I kept nothing back and he asked many searching questions.

"The secret interview lasted so long that gradually my feet and legs became temporarily paralysed, and when he finally had learned all he wanted to know the Emperor graciously permitted me to continue kneeling while he arose and left the room. Court attendants then raised me to my feet and I was massaged and exercised until I was able to walk unassisted once more."

# RWORTH Reporting

## Moresby legend

LEGENDS have grown up round a battered wreck lying in Moresby Harbor. Some say she is the remains of a last-war German raider, others a tramp that traded nefariously round the Pacific.

"Wings," official Air Force journal, states she is the British freighter Pruth, which ran aground in 1927 with a cargo of galvanized iron, barbed wire, automobiles, and oil.

Port authorities offered assistance but the Captain felt he could move off alone at high tide. But a tropical gale blew the Pruth 200 yards on the reef and all salvage efforts failed.

Since 1942 Australian and American air crews have used her rusty hull for bombing and strafing practice, and once the Japs mistook her for a loaded Allied freighter and plastered her with bombs, to the delight of soldiers and airmen sheltering in the harbor.

In 1943 she was the practice target

## 3000 Women

THREE thousand English, Australian and American women were set free from Camp Vittel internment camp when the Allies took Frankreich.

An Australian, Miss Mary Hall, who lived in Paris for twelve years and had been interned since 1942, writes from Paris:

"The first liberating soldiers we saw were Arabs in the French Army. We gave them Red Cross tins of salmon, packets of raisins, and some of our colored scarves, which they tied round their necks.

"Later American soldiers arrived. Some of them, seeing us almost shoeless, gave us their old boots, old socks and shirts.

"In Paris the people have lost that frightened look and now they simply look sad and bored.

"I am delighted to be back in my own little flat after being jammed up with 3000 women, but I don't like Paris any more, or Europe. They can have their next war without me. I am going back to Australia."



"I think he's a fugitive from a nude team!"

for aircraft which took part in the Blenheim Sea battle. They perfected the skip-bombing technique which two days later was to cripple the Jap fleet of transports and destroyers.

SIGN of to-day's shopping habits. A notice in a city bookshop reads: "Please do not rest suitcases on the books."

## Convert to soap

FOR 17 years Olga Petrova, retired screen and stage star, did not wash her face. She cleansed it only with cold cream. Recently she was so enchanted by a radio talk on soap that now she has gone over to the soap-and-water school of thought.

Petrova played in such productions as "The White Peacock," "Daughter of Destiny," and "The Orchid Lady."

FORMER globe-trotter showing friend photograph of Cologne:

"Oh, yes, that's the Cathedral Stained-glass windows? Yes; but you should have seen the huge stained-glass window at the railway station advertising real cande-Cologne!"

## Pay rise for Chinese

CHINA'S National Military Council has revised the scale of Army pay.

Privates will now receive approximately £5 to £10 a month (3/4 to 6/8 a day), a sixfold increase on their former pay.

Full general will receive approximately £333 a month, major-general, approximately £267, double their former pay.

Captain's pay has been tripled to approximately £133 a month.

Improvements are also to be made in rations and nutrition.

## Nutshell description

KING IBN SAUD, from whom Mr. Churchill, on his way home from Yalta received gifts of Arab ceremonial robes, some coffee, and a jewel-encrusted gold sword and dagger, is 69 years old, has a body that reaches more nearly to seven feet than to six, the manners of a true son of the desert, a soft-spoken voice, a heavy fist, and several dozen sons.

## Not a sparrow falls

THE sparrows of London were remembered in the will of a woman invalid who spent many of her later days watching them in the Embankment Gardens. She left money to provide crumbs for them.

Her husband, anxious that her wishes should be fully carried out, left money in his own will by which different waiters of the Savoy Hotel annually take over the duty of casting the crumbs in the Gardens.

They are thrown near the memorial to Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame.

## HOLIDAY

ONE is moved to wonder regularly each year Whether holidays are worth the preparatory wear and tear Caused by the scurry to get work up to date And tidying the desk in one furious spate.

Clearing the drawers of the junk that encumbers, Such as letters, bills, and mysterious phone numbers, To say nothing of remembering to explain to one's reliever That there is no need to get into a frenzied fever

Over the folder marked "Urgent," which, in point of fact, Has lain crammed full of rubbish for the last year, intact.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

WHEN a man retires, and time is no longer a matter of importance, his colleagues generally present him with a clock.—R. C. Sheriff.

# Interesting People

## F/LT. H. E. SHELLY

... London air service OPERATIONS OFFICER in Sydney with newly established R.A.F. Transport Command London - Australia

Service is Canadian Flight-Lieut. H. E. Shelly, R.A.F. Is in charge of flying operations on Australia - New Zealand sector of service. Formerly Royal Canadian Air Force chief ground instructor—youngest in Canada—he transferred to R.A.F. Transport Command in 1942. Was despatcher of long-range ferrying and communication flying in Canada and U.S.A. before coming to Australia.



## MISS J. STAVRIDIS

... Work in Greece TENDING British wounded in Crete and occupied Greece has for past five years been work of

Miss Joanna Stavridis, daughter of Greek millionaire banker. After German invasion of Greece she escaped to Crete, where she nursed wounded. When Crete fell, Germans found her still at her task. Was sent back to Greece, but permitted to continue her work. Recently arrived, she has been awarded Distinguished Service Certificate by British Red Cross.

MR. J. T. TOMASETTI

... Director of Stores, Australian Red Cross, Mr. J. T. Tomasetti, of Melbourne, recently

visited Middle East to review stores and relief for transport to Greece. Also inspected stores in Ceylon, where he expects there will be special service unit established for P.O.W.s liberated from Japanese camps. He served with A.I.F. in last war. Has travelled widely in the East.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE are important changes now for the better in the lives of most Sagittarians, Leonians, and Arians, and for a good many Geminians and Aquarians. Such people should plan ahead in their search for happiness and good fortune, progress, and desired changes.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Speed up all important projects in hand; seek gains, promotions. March 24 forenoon and early afternoon good, evening fair. March 25, dusk and after 10 p.m. good.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Avoid big changes, rashness. March 23 to 25 confusing; but March 26, dawn to forenoon and after 9 p.m., helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Slight improvements possible soon, but live quietly on March 20 and 21 (very confusing), and March 26 and 27 (poor). March 31, morning and afternoon fair.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): March 26, dawn and late evening, or March 27, forenoon to noon (only), very fair, but next two days very poor. Live quietly for some weeks.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Set desired goals, and go after them. Make changes, start new ventures. Uplift. March 23 from 7 to 8 p.m. and after 10 p.m., and March 24 (best), forenoon to 4 p.m., evening fair.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Live cautiously on March 20 and 21 and avoid all changes, discord. March 25, evening, and March 26, morning and after 9 p.m., slightly better.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Dodge discord, avoid changes, losses, separations of all kinds. March 21 (adverse), 22, and 23 (poor).

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Live more quietly. March 26, late evening, and March 27, forenoon to noon (only), fair. Still of March 21 and March 24 to 26 rather poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Be wary on March 20 and March 21 (in general), but thereafter things improve considerably. March 23, fair from 7 to 8 p.m. and after 10 p.m.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Beware difficulties, worries, delays, discord. March 21 adverse, March 22 and 23 very poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): March 20, fair; March 21, from 10 a.m. to noon (only), fair; March 23 to 24 confusing.

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): Take things more quietly now. March 20 and 21 difficult. March 22, after 8 p.m., fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## FILM GUIDE

**Fanny By Gaslight**—Based on Michael Sadleir's best-selling novel, this English film has a star-studded cast, and is produced on a lavish scale. The film is an absorbing cross-section of mid-Victorian London life, where bawdiness and priggishness are curiously blended. Phyllis Calvert is splendid in the title role—an appealing, illegitimate girl, condemned by society. James Mason is a vindictive, but definitely attractive villain, and Stewart Granger is the not-so-interesting hero. Wilfrid Lawson is fine as the faithful servant.—Embassy; showing.

**Flying Fortress**—This is an entertaining adventure film, including a lot of interesting factual material of the preparations for the air blitz on Berlin. Richard Greene is a thoroughly likeable hero, but co-star Carla Lehmann gives an insipid performance. Supporting cast, headed by Donald Stewart, is good.—Civic; showing.

**Barbary Coast Gent**—A tiresome and unimportant little drama with a background of the gold-conscious West. Wallace Beery, good-natured waster, Binnie Barnes, owner of a dance hall, and villain John Carradine go through the familiar routine.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key Island, West Indies, by **BARON KORD:** A sinister man who wants to marry Narda. All the workers on Kord's estate are "kordies" or "zombies."

Mandrake and Lothar are knocked out and imprisoned in a tiny cell without water. From Trina, Kord's sister, Narda learns that Kord plans to turn Mandrake and Lothar into "kordies" and that unless Narda obeys Kord, she also will become one.

**NOW READ ON:**





DO N'T BE AFRAID. HE CAN'T HURT YOU. YOU SEE, HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE HERE.



BARON KORD, YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO MANDRAKE.

WE ARE GOING THAT WAY--SAY!



GUARD, WILL YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! DO YOU WANT THIS KORDIE RUINED?



THAT'S THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THESE KORDIES--THEY HAVE TO BE WATCHED SO CAREFULLY. THEY DESTROY THEMSELVES SO EASILY. YOU SEE, THEY CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING---



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR ARE IN THERE. WAIT HERE.

BUT YOU SAID--



--THAT I WOULD SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. NOTHING MORE. STAY WHERE YOU ARE.



WE CAN'T BREAK OUT. THIS PLACE IS BUILT LIKE A SAFE.

ME THIRSTY.



AND YOU SHALL GET THIRSTIER AND THIRSTIER, MY FRIENDS, AND THEN WHEN THE TIME COMES--TWO MORE STRONG KORDIES.



BARON KORD--A STRANGER--ON THE BEACH!





I'M A FISHERMAN, SIR. A STORM BLEW ME OFF MY COURSE. I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO GET FRESH WATER HERE, SIR.



Hmm--YOU'RE A HUSKY LAD. ANYONE KNOW YOU CAME THIS WAY?

NO. WHY?

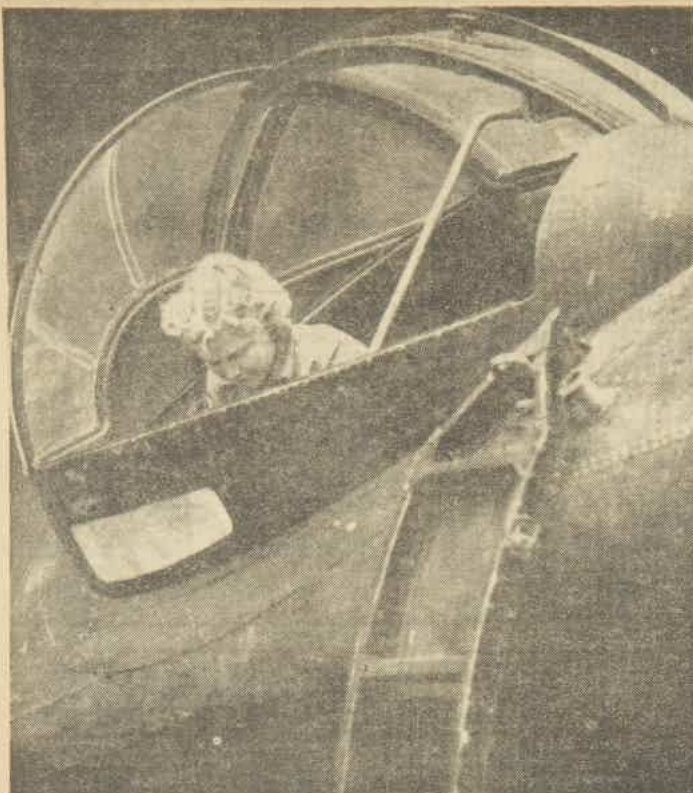


DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, FISHERMAN?

I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHICH ISLAND THIS IS, SIR.

TO BE CONTINUED





AIRCRAFT RIGGER ACW Iris Smith, working on repairs in the gun blister of a Catalina at Rathmines flying-boat base, N.S.W. You have to look twice among aircraft hands on airstrips to pick out the girls from the boys. They all wear the same working uniform—blue jeans.



BACKYARD FENCE is hotrack for Waaafs and airmen at their mess, a former hotel, in the Far North. L. to R.: Telegraphist ACW Jill Davies, fabric-worker ACW Carol Horman. Girls belong to twelve mustering here—office and nursing orderlies, wireless telegraphy and telephone operators, signals clerks, cypher assistants, clerks, drivers, fabric workers, cooks, cooks' assistants.

## Veterans and newcomers find staunch friendships and absorbing work in the W.A.A.A.F.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"Me and my girl friend thought it out during morning smoko."

This was what a nineteen-year-old groundstaff man said when his C.O. asked him how he had thought out an idea he had submitted to speed up maintenance work in the hangar.

The C.O. told the story as an illustration of the splendid co-operation between the R.A.A.F. and the W.A.A.A.F.

MEMBERS of the W.A.A.A.F. have been working alongside the R.A.A.F. now for four years.

Some of them have been doing the same work day in day out for four years, serving meals, cooking, typing, working switchboards.

Others have changed their mustering several times as the scope of the W.A.A.A.F.'s work has widened.

Some girls have continued to do the job they did in civilian life on faraway R.A.A.F. stations without the amenities and comforts of their homes.

Others have taken on men's work in the big aircraft hangars or out on the tarmac in all weathers.

The girls talk like veterans, in that maddening and mysterious language of initials—S.A.O., O.I.C., D.M.T.—and the slang of the R.A.A.F. in theirs, too.

But they also take a wistful interest in civilian clothes, begging to touch the pre-war silk in a civilian dress or try on your civilian shoes.

More than 500 Waaafs work in the town where North-eastern Area has its headquarters. They are housed in a former Y.W.C.A. hostel, in a big girls' school, and in a camp of prefabricated huts three miles out of the town.

When we arrived they were coping with the problems and hilarities of the "wet" season, some for the third time since they joined the Service.

A few had turned to with spades to dig drainage trenches round their huts when they were threatened with flood.

Shooting half a dozen frogs out from under the bed and a cloud of

flying-ants away from the mosquito net was a nightly ritual when going to bed.

They were still laughing about the girls who took their showers with their hats on.

At the camp the showers have no roof. The rain was falling in inches, not points, but the girls didn't want to spoil their hair-dos, so they put on their felt hats or tin hats before getting under the hot showers.

Smart appearance has always been a jealously guarded tradition with the Waaaf, and probably nowhere is it so difficult to keep up as at these Far North stations.

Laundering drab uniforms is a matter for much detailed and scientific discussion.

### Crisp and smart

THERE is the boiled-starch school, the cold-starch school, and the starch - applied - with - nail - brush school. All of them mean hard work, but the results are fine.

However hot and damp the weather, all the Far North girls looked crisp and smart.

We met some "veterans" here.

There was Staff-Officer Wing-Officer Dorothy ("Dave") Hawthorne, No. 5 enlistment in the Service, the only member who wears a decoration, the ribbon of the Coronation Medal awarded her for her work for the Girl Guide Movement.

As Deputy State Commissioner for Queensland she travelled widely in New Guinea and the Pacific Islands.

A well-known horsewoman, she has shown horses at Sydney and Brisbane shows, and has persuaded a few fellow officers to learn to ride. They have acquired a couple of Army remounts, and go riding before breakfast every morning.

A.S.O. Joyce Griffiths, of Cremona, has been in the service for

### She saw the girls at work

IN commemoration of the fourth birthday of the W.A.A.A.F., The Australian Women's Weekly sent reporter Adele Shelton Smith and photographer Jack Carruthers on a special tour of R.A.A.F. stations extending from the far north of Queensland to the far west of New South Wales.

She travelled in planes of many types and talked with large numbers of Waaafs in many mustering. Her admiration and enthusiasm for the work the girls are doing are immense. "I could fill the whole issue of The Australian Women's Weekly about them," she says.

Space restrictions do not permit her impressions. She also wrote this story.

four years. She spent 19 months as a telegraphist with Air Board in the early months of the war, describes it as the most interesting period in her life.

"On the night shift you would work eight hours without leaving your desk, with a pile of highly secret messages beside you, working directly with the Air Ministry in London," she said.

A.S.O. Griffiths said she thought the reason why everybody enjoyed the life was that you met girls from all walks of life, whom you wouldn't ordinarily meet.

"The friendships you form in the Service," she said, "seem deeper than in civil life."

At the school barracks out on the tree-shaded seafront we met two more veterans—Wireless Telegraphists Sgt. Rosalind Noskes, of Goulburn, N.S.W., and Cpl. Jean Moran, of Hurstville, N.S.W.

They do day and night shift "working" (directing) aircraft in.

Cpl. Moran's most vivid memories are "working" the islands—Bandong, Honolulu, Singapore—taking details every night of Japanese air raids, and the night at another unit when a plane crashed into a nearby hangar and the engine shot through the wall into the Wireless Telegraphy office.

Under-Officer Bille Williams, of Melbourne, is a cypher assistant, started as a teleprinter operator four years ago in the first W.A.A.A.F. course. She has No. 13 enlistment in Victoria, but isn't superstitious.

Her sister Noreen is a cypher officer at another Queensland base. Fifty Waaafs are stationed with a

## 2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO 2GB HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

### SUNDAY

THE MACQUARIE PLAY:  
"The Dominant Sex"  
Drama—Starring JOHN ALDEN and  
BRENDA DUNNICH.  
Sunday, 8 p.m.

### MONDAY

"Learn a Tune"  
Add to your repertoire of hit numbers.  
JACK LUMSDAINE shows you how.  
Mon. and Wed., 7.45 p.m.

### TUESDAY

"PLAY OF THE WEEK":  
"Week End For Three"  
Starring BENE SCOTT and NIGEL LOVELL.  
Tuesday, 9.30 p.m.

### WEDNESDAY

"Digger Hole's Daughters"  
Daily incidents in the lives of a happy family.  
Mon. to Thurs., 6.45 p.m.

### THURSDAY

"What Do You Know?"  
Novel General Information Quiz, conducted by  
JOHN DRASE.  
Thursday, 1 p.m.

### FRIDAY

"Youth Speaks"  
Stimulating Debates on Topical Subjects.  
Friday, 7.30 p.m.

### SATURDAY

"Melodies and Memories"  
Speaking Personally—JENNIE HOWARD.  
Guest Star, March 31.  
Saturday, 8 p.m.

## 2GB THE NATION'S STATION 2GB Key Station of the Macquarie Network



# CE . . . DOING A VITAL JOB



GRADING in new recreation hut for W.A.A.F. at Tocumwal. Girls at their boy-friends to supper at the hut on three nights a week. Gertrude Gibson, instrument repairer, is playing the piano.



MINNIE, mascot of the transport unit at a flying-boat maintenance base in the Far North, photographed with transport driver ACW Rose Hayes, of Townsville.



thinks her most interesting job was driving a wireless van in a convoy from Parkes to Melbourne. The convoy was two and a half days on the road.

Waaafs control all movements of aircraft at this station. In the Wireless Telegraphy office upstairs in a wooden shop building in the main street, the Waaaf telegraphists "work" aircraft in from more than 200 miles away.

They exchange technical data with the pilots, but the conversation is not always formal.

It may go this way:

Telegraphist: "How many of you will be needing a meal?" and the pilot supplies the information.

Or the pilot may say: "What's on for tea? Don't forget to tell the cook to keep some for us."

We had a special invitation from the transport unit to meet Minnie.

Minnie is a goat which the unit acquired two years ago when she was a kid. They fed her on condensed milk, put her to bed in a kerosene case. Now her favorite delicacies are fruit and tobacco.

At one stage the unit were directed to get rid of Minnie. They took her out to the beach where she could "live off the country," but a few days later they found her with a broken leg.

An American veterinary surgeon set the leg, and the unit, feeling Minnie was unable to fend for herself, took her home again.

At Tocumwal Australia's largest aerodrome, the 420 Waaafs are the largest number on any one station. They live in wood and fibre cottages, 28 girls to a cottage, and they have worked hard to make them like home.

They have painted the inside walls themselves and made curtains, each hut with its own color-scheme.

A few stout-hearted groups have established garden plots in spite of the heart-breaking inroads of sand and wind.

Because of the isolation of the station, the girls work six and a half days a week, with accumulated leave every six weeks.

They have formed a rowing club, go swimming, play basketball.

One of the biggest groups here is the messing staff, most of them Waaafs.

The messing staff of 92 includes 30 cooks. Apart from the airman's and airwomen's messes, there are 500 officers, and nearly 2000 N.C.O.s to be fed three times a day.



STAFF-OFFICER in north-eastern area, Wing-Officer Dorothy ("Dave") Hawthorne.

Sgt. May Halliday, an Irish girl who came to Australia 16 years ago, is one of the 52 Waaafs who have been awarded "Good service" cards. Some highlights of our tour:

A debate, the first held on the station, between R.A.A.F. and W.A.A.F. at Rathmines flying-boat base. The subject, "Women's Place is in the Home." The W.A.A.F., upholding the "not only in the home" side, wiped the floor with the R.A.A.F.

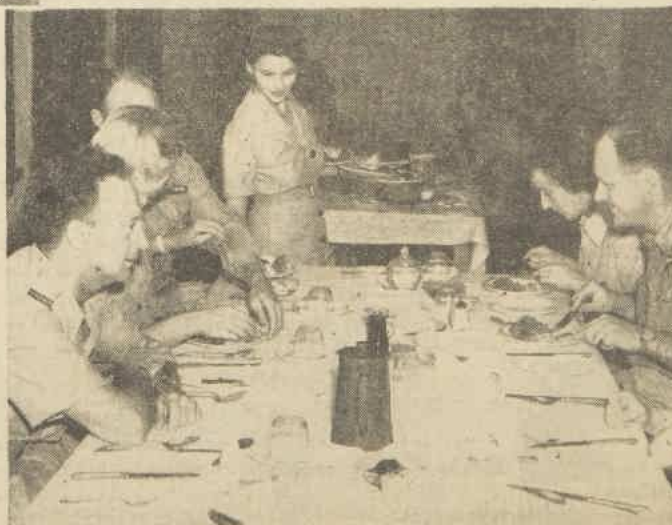
Impressive morning parade of aircraft hands at Williamtown, the men of the R.A.A.F. and the Waaafs in their blue jeans marching past, the smaller girls hard put to it to measure their stride against the long steps of the men.

Deputation from Waaaf aircraft hands at Parkes. Could we please photograph them working on a Spitfire, which seems to be a living being to them, a symbol of the heroism and daring of the R.A.A.F., and their favorite above any other aircraft they work on.

In the Far North, Driver Rose Hayes nonchalantly flicking locusts from her hair and the neck of her shirt as dozens of them flew into the cabin of her truck.



HAPPY TRUCKLOAD of off-duty Waaafs and flying-men returning to their Far North station after an afternoon's swimming.



MESS STEWARDESS, ACW May McKenzie, in the officers' mess at a Far North flying-boat maintenance unit. She has been serving meals for two and a quarter years, was formerly a fruit-packer at Griffith, N.S.W. Messing officer for the station is Section-Officer Sheila Patrick, Officer-in-Charge W.A.A.F.



Wing Commander A. L. C. Hubbard, D.S.O., D.F.C., is one of our best-known bomber pilots. Among his operational flights he counts an attack on the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau.



"Every girl in the W.A.A.A.F. is doing a real war job."



"The W.A.A.A.F. is my war job and I'm proud to be doing it."



"I wouldn't be out of the W.A.A.A.F."

**"The girls of the W.A.A.A.F. have every reason to be proud of themselves, and the Air Force is proud of them, too"**

*... says Wing Commander A. L. C. Hubbard, D.S.O., D.F.C.*

The Air Force girls have given splendid support to the men who fly the planes. Air Crew and Ground Staff alike are proud of them, and Wing Commander Hubbard, D.S.O., D.F.C., says: "The girls of the W.A.A.A.F. have every reason to be proud of themselves. But their work is by no means at an end. The biggest job of the war lies ahead and the Air Force needs thousands more young women for the great drive to speed the Victory."

What a chance the Air Force offers you! Join up now. Vital, interesting work is waiting for you. You will be as much a member of our gallant Air Force as the men who fly the 'planes.

And you can choose the work you want to do from the variety of jobs open to you. Pay is good, leave is on a generous scale and conditions are comfortable.

Here is your opportunity to live a thrilling, wonderful life—to do a job that you'll always look back on with keen pleasure and a feeling of well-deserved pride.

The Air Force needs you—to-day! Join it, work with it, share in its triumphs. You can obtain full particulars from your local R.A.A.F. Recruiting Committee, or from the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in any capital city.

**SERVE WITH THE AIR FORCE ... Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force**



## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 21: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, March 22 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Gaudie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, March 23: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in "Victims of Melody."

SATURDAY, March 24: Gaudie Reeve presents "Radio Charades," competences, "Melody Fourtimes."

SUNDAY, March 25 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, March 26: Gaudie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."

TUESDAY, March 27: "What's On the Menu."

## Stage star for radio interview

The English comedienne and music-hall star Jenny Howard will go on the air on March 31 over 2GB as the guest artist in the popular session, "Melodies and Memories," at 8 p.m.

SHE will be interviewed by Keith Howard, who will share the compere honors in this session in the future with John Cazabon. Mr. Howard will conduct his session from Melbourne and Mr. Cazabon in Sydney.

Many world-famous stage personalities have appeared as guest artists in this session, which brings listeners fascinating reminiscences interspersed with favorite melodies. Jenny Howard, who has become as well known a figure in the Australian stage world as she is in England, can be relied upon to present her reminiscences in a lively and humorous manner.

Her family and friends are in England and have weathered all the blitz.

She tells of how her mother-in-law has been rejuvenated since the war broke out on her 80th birthday. From being a semi-invalid and terrified of thunderstorms she has intrepidly dodged bombs.

This same disregard for danger was seen in Jenny, who braved a couple of raids in Darwin when she went north to entertain the troops.

On Saturday, March 24, Mr. Cazabon will introduce a well-known personality in the theatrical world, Mr. Harold Bowden.

For the last 30 years Mr. Bowden has been associated with the firm of J. C. Williamson, and has had long experience of theatrical management in London, the Continent, and New York.

In his work he has met hundreds of stars and his knowledge of the theatre is as interesting as it is extensive. In the interview with him will be packed the memories of a lifetime experience in the world of the theatre.



"Now, are you going to buy a Victory Bond?"

## Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* The box numbers given on this page. \* No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F2628

F2623

F2578

F2581

F2628—Smart version of the popular style of the moment for autumn wear. Designed to fit 22in. to 24in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2623—Delightful style for wear in the next few months. Note deep collar, full, gathered yoke, sleeve length. Size 12 to 30in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2578—New, smart, and sophisticated two-piece suit for autumn and winter wear. Note unusually smart collar treatment. Size 12 to 30in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide and 2 yds. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/4.

F2581—Charming blouse featuring the new U-neckline and feminine frills. Size 12 to 30in. Requires 2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department," to the address given in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 491Q, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 405F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 284C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or returned by post.



576

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 576—Boy's Suit in tough twill. With the pattern traced onto a material that will give endless wear, this tailored suit for the schoolboy is available all ready to make up.

The material is a beautifully finished heavy twill of American manufacture, and is ideal for the garment. The shades are grey-blue, beige-natural, sky-blue, and mid-grey. The design chosen above tailored blouse, with long sleeves, small, man-shape collar, and tailored trousers with self-belted waist. Size 4 to 6 years, 10/6 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 12/2 (6 coupons). Postage 10/6d extra.

No. 577—Girl's All-Wool Frock. This sweet frock comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on an all-woolen material in attractive shades of beige, dusty-pink, and mid-blue, ready to cut out and stitch together.



577

The design shows a plain, high neckline with traced motifs for embroidery, a slim-fitting bodice, long sleeves, and a fully gathered skirt with embroidered hemline. It is really a model when made, and is ideal for winter wearing.

Size 4 to 6 years, 12/4 (6 coupons). 6 to 8 years, 14/6 (6 coupons). Postage 10/6d extra.

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "DINAH"

Delightful, long-sleeved nightgown in richly embossed satin



This lovely nightgown is available in three pastel shades, also white.

So different from the usual dowdy, long-sleeved affair is this nightgown specially fashioned for those of you who like to combine comfort with glamor. It comes ready to wear in an embossed satin, in the most delightful shades of pastel-pink, blue, or green, and also in self-embossed white satin. The material is of excellent quality, a medium heavyweight, and just ideal for autumn and winter wearing.

The design has a mid-Victorian flavor about it, with its deep square neckline, highly cut bustline, and long, slightly flared skirt. The sleeves are long and full, and gathered into a wristband.

Ready to Wear Only.—32in. and 34in. bust, 56/6 (12 coupons); 34, 36, and 40in. bust, 60/3 (12 coupons). Postage 1/6d extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay.

How to obtain "DINAH" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney.

In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust and hip measurements.

You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "DINAH" as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.





**AT ANZAC BUFFET.** The Duchess of Gloucester stopped to chat to voluntary helpers Mrs May Paynter (left), commandant of the P.M.G. sub-branch for Saturday afternoon, and Moya Flaherty, when Royal couple paid a visit to the Buffet while they were in Sydney. The Duchess, who had been wearing a wide-brimmed hat earlier in the afternoon when she visited 113th A.G.H., stopped at Admiralty House, and changed into her flowered toque for the occasion.



**LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION.** More than 2000 people attended the Lord Mayor's reception at the Town Hall, in honor of our new Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, and his Duchess. In the foreground is the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Neville Harding (right), walking with the Duchess. Lieut.-Commander Alec Robertson (left), Viscountess Clive, and Captain Dick Wintour, members of the Royal Household, follow behind them.



**INVESTITURE.** The Duchess of Gloucester (second from left), talks to Squadron-Leader Peter Gibbs R.A.A.F., who received his D.F.C., his wife, and his mother, Mrs. E. T. Cato (left) after investiture at Admiralty House.

## SYDNEY meets the GLOUCESTERS

EVERY woman in Sydney who saw or read about the Duchess of Gloucester's lovely iridescent sequin gown which she wore to Lord Mayor's reception at Town Hall will be interested to know that material was gift to the Duchess from Queen Mary when she learned that the Royal couple were coming to Australia.

GOWN was the most breath-taking to be seen in Sydney since the war. Worn with the Duchess' wonderful jewels—her necklace was pearls and uncut emeralds—she wore pearl and emerald earrings and brooch adding a diamond jewelled comb holding her crisp curls in place.

EACH of eleven ensembles chosen by Duchess for her public appearances brought admiring glances from all feminine eyes, and even hardened males at Cockatoo Dock were heard to exclaim, "She is a sweet little bit of a thing."

EVERYONE thrilled that the Duchess didn't appear in uniform—particularly servicegirls at 113th A.G.H. Excited whispers as they glimpsed the Duchess wearing her loveliest afternoon frock of pinky beige French crepe with matching shoes, gloves, and wide-brimmed rough straw hat in chocolate-brown to match her gold-fastened handbag of brown moiré.

UNDERSTAND, however, that later the Duchess will wear her uniforms to Service functions. Although she is wearing her English ones to save coupons and expense she has already been fitted for light-weight W.A.A.F. drabs, as her English uniforms would be too heavy for our summer climate.

SANDWICHED in between official appointments both the Duke and Duchess managed to find time to see old friends of the Duke's whom he met on his previous visit. Looking sun-tanned and fit after his swim at Bondi, the Duke took the wheel of his Rolls, and with the Duchess drove to Camden to visit the Macarthur Onslow.



**ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.** Choirboys formed a guard of honor for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester as they left the cathedral after divine service. Before they got into their car they spoke to Archbishop Moul.

BUT I'm sure of all official functions attended by the Duchess while in Sydney she enjoyed her visit to the Lady Gowrie Child Centre more than any other. As she tiptoed through the rooms where the two-year-olds were "asleep to a man," as secretary Mrs. J. Beattie put it, I think she must have been thinking of her own baby, Richard, and three-year-old Prince William.

VERY much the mother at heart, and in the midst of a whirl of official duties, the Duchess never failed to phone to see how her babies were each day. I'm sure both she and the Duke were looking forward to spending an hour with young Prince William as soon as they arrived in Canberra.

*joyce*



**VISIT TO COCKATOO DOCK.** Looking lovely in a duck-egg blue moiré gown, with matching softly veiled toque, the Duchess of Gloucester enjoyed a joke with Engineer-Captain G. J. D. Hutchison when she visited the dock with the Duke.



**HOSPITAL VISIT.** LAC Anthony Kozomichalos, R.A.A.F., shows Duchess how he works his hand loom when she visited the occupational therapy ward at the 113th A.G.H.



**GREETINGS.** Lady Wakehurst (right), wife of the Governor of New South Wales, greets the Duchess of Gloucester when she arrives with the Duke at Mascot aerodrome.





## Movie World

● LAUREN BACALL, glamorous 29-year-old newcomer, made a sensational screen debut with Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not." Bogart wants to marry her as soon as his divorce from Mayo Methot is final. In 1943 Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife

of producer-director, saw Lauren's photo in a magazine, and persuaded her husband to give her a screen test. Under contract to Warners, Lauren has just finished her second film, "The Big Sleep," and is scheduled for the lead in "The Fountainhead."



## Princess and the Pirate



**1** ON Jamaica-bound ship, conceited actor Sylvester (Bob Hope) meets incognito Princess (Virginia Mayo).



**2** PIRATE, Hook (Victor McLaglen), captures boat, and plans to ransom Princess.



**3** ASSISTED by Featherhead (Walter Brennan), Sylvester and Princess escape to Casarouge



**4** THE GOVERNOR (Walter Slezak), to collect a ransom, imprisons fugitives.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Comedy in color

A SAMUEL GOLDWYN production, distributed by RKO, "The Princess and the Pirate" is an elaborate, fun-packed tale of piracy in the roistering 18th century. Photographed in technicolor, the story presents Bob Hope as a boastful actor, who, when captured by pirates, pretends heroic qualities to a lovely lady in distress.

The lovely lady is Virginia Mayo, newest screen beauty to emerge from the ranks of the famous Goldwyn Girls.

\*\*\*\*\*



**5** AGAIN organising an escape, Featherhead, believing Hook killed, persuades Sylvester to pose as the dead leader and command the ship.



**6** SYLVESTER agrees, not knowing Hook is still alive, until he boards ship.



**7** HOOK puts Sylvester and Princess in irons, but the King, searching for the runaway Princess, rescues them.

## IT ISN'T JUST A MOVIE!

This isn't a fake! It's a tragic story of death and disaster...an actual photograph showing the way in which war claims the lives of fighting men on sea, as well as on the land and in the air.



In comparison, you at home are asked for so little. A few sacrifices... carrying your own parcels... doing without a few luxuries in the way of food and clothes, but nothing comparable with the sacrifices of our fighting men.

We ask you to do a little more! The Commonwealth needs your money to bring world peace earlier, to put a stop to the pictures of human suffering you now see at the movies, and the thousands that will never be photographed.

Money is needed to train men and provide armaments and your contribution, whether small or great, will help to do this. The Third Victory Loan offers a sound investment which permits your money to earn a better rate of interest than if your savings lie idle. For Australia's sake do your share towards victory readily and willingly.

You are doing a great service for Australia and a good job for yourself when you put everything you can into the Third Victory Loan.

NO ONE ELSE CAN DO YOUR SHARE. YOUR MONEY IS NEEDED NOW!

### FACTS ABOUT THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN

1. All you lend will be used only for War. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000 may be purchased for cash or by instalments, through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.
2. Interest is paid each six months, at 2½% for five years or 3½% for sixteen years. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Your Bonds are readily saleable to meet an emergency.
3. You LEND not GIVE your money to speed Victory. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

# THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN



# Vita-Weat

REGD.

*gives you*

## *sparkling energy*

...in these days of rationed foods



Many of the foods rich in vitamins are to-day rationed or unobtainable. Consequently many people feel "below par" because even a small deficiency of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> causes headaches, fatigue, irritability—whilst a greater deficiency often results in neuritis and neuralgia.

That is why Vita Weat is so good for you. It is made from sun-ripened whole wheat, one of the richest sources of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. You feel better . . . look better . . . when you eat plenty of Vita Weat. It gives you energy and vitality and . . . being made from one of the natural essential foods Vita Weat appeals to everyone. Make it the daily crispbread for your whole family.

Peck Frean's

# Vita-Weat

Crispbread

REGD.





## Soldier's view of preference

AS a soldier viewing this preference question, it appears to me that the only ones not having their say in the matter are those soldiers still on active service.

I think that we cannot be helped permanently by having done for us those things which we could and should do for ourselves.

But, I ask, give us an all-out preference in choosing our vocations, and put us first on waiting-lists for post-war homes and those commodities required for setting up a post-war home.

I do not want a lifetime preference over my fellow countrymen who managed the home front, many of whom live under severe physical and financial setbacks. If war lasts seven years, allow such a preference to us for only the first seven post-war years. This would enable us to catch up with the gains made by our friends who, for various reasons, stayed at home.

I think the scheme would make returned servicemen into contented citizens.

5/- to Gunner L. M. Bell, Ack/Ack Regiment, A.I.F., Australia.

# What's on your mind?

## Allied occupation

THE view held by many Australians regarding future world peace is that occupation of Germany and Japan by the Allies for three or four generations will ensure world peace.

There are two main objections to this scheme that point out the need for a better solution. Firstly, neither war-tired Allied troops nor Allied civilians will wish to live a life of suspense in enemy territory.

Secondly, our descendants will not wish to bear animosity toward and police a nation which has done no harm to them in their time.

5/- to J. Hodgson, 8 Banool Rd., Surrey Hills E10, Vic.

## Disinfectant telephones

I HAVE often thought a spray containing disinfectant should be installed in every telephone booth.

Through necessity the spray would have to be a fixture. All users of the phone could spray the mouthpiece before speaking into same, and to avoid infection from the germs that cling to the mouthpiece of the phone.

5/- to Mrs. Bell, c/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words, in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## White-collar jobs

MANY parents to-day want a white-collar job for their children whether or not the work is to their children's liking.

Many office jobs are very monotonous and offer very little prospect of advancement. Often parents think manual labor not quite nice. This is pure snobbery—no work is degrading, and any job well done is something to be proud of.

5/- to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

## Bad visibility

THE smoke-screen released by smokers in our public dining-rooms is such a volume that at times



it conceals practically everything but the smokers' ill-manners.

5/- to T. P. Mannix, 3 Queen St., Randwick, N.S.W.

## Interest in production

WOULD it not be a good idea if some popular periodicals published articles on Australian industries, suitable for the "Man in the Street" and the "Woman in the Home"?

Many wonder why glassware is plentiful and very cheap; any type of pottery scarce and expensive? How many girls with a horror of work in a cannery know what work they will have to do.

As for the production of knives, forks, bakelite, paper, and other taken-for-granted articles in everyday use, these remain mysteries despite the fact that people are interested, as they are, in the present-day discussions of education, erosion, etc., vital to the future of Australia.

5/- to Miss N. Wheeler, 31 Barnard Grove, Kew, Vic.

## Punctual men

I HAVE always noticed that men are much better when it comes to being on time than women.

They always are the ones to insist on getting to the bus queues in plenty of time, don't like to be late for the pictures, and invariably know the starting times of trains.

Because they are efficient in this way, I think women should try to follow their example, and never keep a man waiting.

5/- to Mrs. C. Bruce, 415 Elizabeth St., North Hobart, Tas.

## Country shoppers

WHY do city people get all the bargains? I have seen countless advertisements in our daily papers which advertise some special line at a reduced price, but "no mail orders."

It would be a miracle, surely, if one day we were to pick up the paper and see, instead of the usual "no mail orders," "mail orders only."

I, for one, have to do all my shopping by mail unless I travel 40 miles to the nearest town, which in these days of petrol rationing is very difficult to do. I have to depend on catalogues, and even after waiting several weeks for goods ordered, back comes the reply, "Sorry, but these goods are now out of stock."

5/- to Mrs. J. N. Carter, Belltrees, via Scene, N.S.W.

## Ungrammatical

C SHARPE's remarks (24/2/45) on the affected speech and bad grammar of young girls are timely. Indeed, they apply so generally to all young people, I have been wondering lately whether children are still taught English grammar at school.

One day recently I had occasion to call at a city business office to collect some important information, and I was so fascinated by the "polished" accents and outrageously ungrammatical phrases of the attractive young lady secretary that I completely lost the gist of what she was saying. Her expression, when I finally asked her to go over it all again, left no doubt that she considered me mentally deficient at least.

5/- to S. Lawson, 20 Sutherland Crescent, Darling Point, Sydney.

## An American mother has her say

I READ your letter referring to the unusual precocity of schoolchildren in America, in the November 4, 1944, issue of your magazine.

I live in Maine's largest town, and I am the mother of ten children. Seven attend school, and four of the ten are over eleven years old.

They do not use rouge, lipstick, or make dates, and neither do their friends. On the whole, I think our children are a sane, industrious lot.

In a high school of over 500 pupils you'd find few "freaks" as far as dress is concerned. Uniforms are not the custom here.

Our girls wear skirts and sweaters or skirts and blouses as a general thing, and while some sweaters are called "Sloppy Joes," it doesn't necessarily mean that they are not neat or are poor fitting.

Rouge and lipstick are not forbidden in school, and while some of the older girls use it, it is not overdone, and finger-nail polish isn't as popular as it was a few years ago.

Our boys and girls are naturally friendly; they walk to school together, study in same classrooms, and eat in same lunchrooms. There is no sex barrier, and I can assure you our kiddies are a good lot.

5/- to Mrs. Olive N. Trefethen, 4 Sherburne St., Sanford, Maine, U.S.A.

## Coupons for wool

AUSTRALIA, a country noted for the quality and quantity of its wool, disposes of it through the medium of heavy coupon rating, especially wool for knitting, but knitting material, non-wool, is available to shoppers for no coupons.

5/- to Miss B. Wilson 140 Cochran St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Bug  
War Saving  
Certificates



## RATIONING AT ITS BEST

Horrockses are in battle dress these days. It's standard cloths for all of us till the war is ended, but the Horrockses standard still remains on top. Horrockses flannelette is still softest and strongest; Horrockses sheets and pillowcases the most durable on the market.

When the war finishes all the Horrockses lines will return — as perfect in quality as ever.

# Horrockses

Flannelette

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.L. LONGCLOTH

FULL SUPPLIES  
OF  
AUNT MARY'S  
BAKING POWDER  
AVAILABLE FROM  
YOUR GROCER!



## 10,000 women are telling you!

All over America, women were asked to compare Modess with other napkins. 3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer.

Why don't you find out for yourself? Buy

Modess; you'll find it softer... and safer.

3 out of every 4 voted...

# Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS  
softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tels Toothbrushes and Meds.

SPECIAL NOTE.  
Modess production is dependent on raw materials from overseas. As such supplies are often delayed, it is likely that at times you may not be able to get Modess. We assure you that such shortages are not the fault of chemicals or steel, but due to uncontrollable war conditions.



# Ready for the new season



● Brighten winter's drab landscape with Dorville's coral-pink wool suit. The three-quarter-length sleeves and scalloped pockets are interesting, and the skirt has inverted pleats.



● Moss-green velvet is teamed with green and cream herringbone tweed for this smart suit, designed by Dorville for a country life.



● Shocking-pink and black checked wool is used by Sophie for a trim jacket and wrist-length over-jacket. With it a slim black skirt and blouse.



● Grey wool jersey is Claire McCardell's suggestion for a smart afternoon frock. The black insets at the sides of the fitted bodice are slim-making.



## HAPPY FAMILIES



MR. CHIPS, THE CARPENTER

"It's plain as plane" he said to Ma,

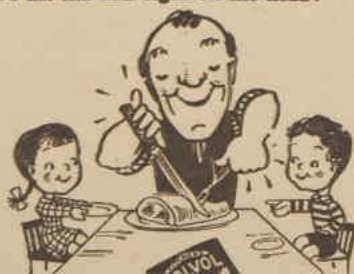
"That SOLVOL SOAP is best by far.

It gets your hands smooth, white and clean

However black they might have been".

"Hurrah" his happy family said

"You've hit the nail right on the head!"



HAPPY FAMILIES USE SOLVOL

## New trends

LITTLE black fur-trimmed street suits have skyrocketed to success... soberly elegant until the jacket is tossed back to reveal a brilliant blouse that is often flashing with sequins.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN designers pay tribute to the popularity of that best-selling novel, "Forever Amber," by introducing to fashion a lovely new tawny-brown shade... "Forever Amber."

★ ★ ★

INSPIRATION for a completely new hat line has been taken from a peasant's kerchief. It is a little bonnet-brimmed hat with hanging kerchief in the back.

★ ★ ★

AUTUMN suits are shown with matching bags, either of like material or of the fur or fabric of the collars and cuffs... and all of them are handle or shoulder bags... some voluminous and pouch-like... some small and trim like Hattie Carnegie's impish version of the workman's lunch basket.

## JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

The proven remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and all kindred ailments. Get a jar to-day, 1/6 and 2/6.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



AMERICAN  
SOCIETY  
BEAUTY

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

She is a charming and beautiful member of America's first family and she says: "Pond's Creams are a pleasure to use... so quick to smooth away little roughnesses and keep skin smooth."

All over the world, beautiful women depend on Pond's Creams to safeguard complexion loveliness. It's such a simple beauty treatment... and so very effective! Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing... Pond's Vanishing Cream to hold powder smooth and fresh for hours.

### Supplies of Pond's Creams

Pond's are happy to let you know that supplies of your favourite Pond's Creams should be much easier to get very soon. Also you'll be able to get them in convenient handbag size tubes again.





*Your wish comes true*  
in a **BEDGGOOD SHOE!**



PIN-HIGH



FAY



MARION



DORELIE



TANGO



KENLEY



ZOLA



Your every wish for smartness of line, comfort, and perfect support is realized in the Bedggood ARCHLOCK Shoe. The built-in Arch Support in these Balanced Foundation Shoes is securely held in place by a patent device or "lock" and cannot shift from its correct position. Thus are you guarded against foot strain and fatigue. Bedggood styling and Bedggood craftsmanship provide you with ARCHLOCK Shoes in a variety of styles and colours for all occasions. In MULTIPLE FITTINGS from AAA to EE, at **40/-** & 8 coupons

*Bedggoods have large military contracts to meet. Consequently, they cannot supply sufficient ARCHLOCK Shoes to satisfy present needs.*

**Bedggood**  
**ARCHLOCK**  
BALANCED FOUNDATION





# MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

**SHABBY** tan shoes become good black ones this way: First rub over with raw potato. When dry, rub in well black shoe polish. Repeat polish.

**JUST** passing it on—don't hold me responsible for this bit: A well-chosen duck lays about 300 eggs a year—and ducklings are as easy as falling off a log to rear. Let's all go in for ducks!

**THIS** from a friend: Spread sugar immediately over a tea-stain and it will vanish when cloth goes into water.

**TO** make breadcrumbs quickly: Cut the soft part from a stale loaf and tie up in a muslin bag. Then gently rub it with the hands for a few minutes.

**AM** told that a few drops of vinegar added to the water in which cabbage is cooking will banish that strong odor that usually permeates the house.



BRUSH curtains regularly, and they will keep fresh and new-looking longer.

● Not only will these simple rhythmic exercises improve your looks, your carriage, but they'll blow away fatigue, vitalise the nervous system.

**I**f you can master these three exercises and make a habit of doing them by an open window for fifteen minutes every morning, you will soon begin to notice the effect on looks and nerves.

Not only will the exercises have a soothing effect generally, but they will react immediately on your looks, by a gradual smoothing out of tense, nervous lines.

Secondly, good breathing of this kind will improve your control of the diaphragm, your carriage and deportment, too.

Thirdly, you will find that the refreshment of the blood by deep breathing makes you far healthier and more resistant to the colds, catarrh and bronchial troubles which are so largely due to shallow breathing, and so likely to come our way during these next cold months.

# BREATHING IN BEAUTY



LIE ON THE FLOOR and expand your chest, timing the rhythm of your breathing.



ABOVE: Stand like this and breathe in as you rise on tiptoes and bring arms up to chin. Then exhale as you lower arms. Left: Lean forward and just bend flame with short puffs. See story.

The first exercise is best done lying on the floor. You can have a small pillow under your head. Have a clock with a good big second hand nearby so that you can time yourself exactly. See that your spine is straight and resting flat. Now put your hands on your hips, with the fingers pointing downwards, just below the lowest ribs. Now begin inhaling very slowly, first filling your diaphragm, then your chest, with air. You will feel your body expanding beneath your finger-tips.

When you can't take in any more breath, hold it for a few seconds (watch the clock) and then very gradually and gently let your breath out in a hiss through parted lips and closed teeth. When every scrap of breath has left your body, stay empty like that for a few seconds before inhaling again.

Repeat the exercise three times, trying each time to make the length of time you hold your breath, and the time you take hissing it out, last just a fraction of a second longer than the time before.

Remember that rhythm is essential to these exercises, and make the pause between the exercises as long as that between taking in and letting out the breath.

The next exercise is done seated at a table, with a lighted candle in front of you. Take in small breaths in short sniffs until your body is full of air. With an effort of muscular control try to force all the air to the back just above your hips. Then blow out in short puffs to match the sniffs, just enough each time to bend the flame of the candle.

The third exercise is done standing up. In this one you use some movement to help you. Standing upright with feet together, hold your arms straight in front of you with the backs of your hands touching. Then begin taking in your breath, and at the same time rise on tiptoe and bring your arms up to your chin still with the hands touching.

By the time your body is completely filled with air your arms should be straight above your head and apart. Hold them there a second, and gradually bring them down to your sides as you exhale your breath.



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# Casserole ECONOMY

● It need never be dull . . . There are a hundred and one delicious combinations in the casserole method of tenderising the cheaper, less frequently used cuts of meat . . . skirt steak, chuck beef, mutton flap, lamb breast, neck of veal, oxtail, tripe.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**B**ROWNING before braising or stewing develops flavor and attractive color in meat and gravy.

This is done in a pan, as the casserole will not stand dry heat or direct contact with oven-top flame.

Pep up the casserole sauce with a dash of wine, a pinch of herbs, a hint of spice.

Monotony of flavor is unforgivable even with the most limited stores.

A little meat can go a long way when tenderised in the casserole in a well-flavored sauce and extended with bread stuffings in small meat rolls or a large pocketed piece . . . with rice or spaghetti cooked separately or added to the casserole . . . with little dumplings of seasoned suet crust poached on top of the casserole stew . . . with pastry puffs baked brown on top of the meat, the lid being removed . . . or with topping of feather-light sponge dough baked in one piece or small shapes or whirls over the meat and vegetables.

This budget-stretching, this coupon manoeuvring, challenges the imagination, ingenuity, and culinary skill of every housewife among us.

Casseroles easily keep dinner hot for meal-time lingerers. They are easily reheated for the latecomer.

Casserole main dish needs only a green salad, simple sweet, or cheese and coffee to complete the menu.

Ideal menu for busy day. No peeping, no servicing required during the cooking period.

The tougher cuts of meat may take 45 minutes to 2 hours to become tender. This does not lower the protein value of the meat, but overcooking increases the loss of thiamine (B1).

The value of vegetables is considerably reduced by long, slow cooking. Add the vegetables, if included in recipe, to the casserole 30 to 40 minutes before serving, allowing only sufficient time for cooking. Cook potatoes in their jackets on oven bars round the casserole.

Serve the casserole straight from the oven on to the table. This disposal of the intermediary serving dish saves time and labor. Wrap a crisply laundered serviette round the enamel or aluminium casserole.

Earthenware and glass casseroles require seasoning before use. Place in preserving-pan of cold, salted water, bring slowly to the boil, and cool in this water.

Do not put a very cold or wet casserole into a hot oven. Medium heat (325-400deg. F.) is safe cooking temperature for oven-china and glass.

Do not stand an oven-hot casserole on a cold slab; stand on wood or a libuleum or asbestos mat.

Do not fill a very hot casserole with cold water. Casseroles will not stand dry heat. Liquid in form of hot or

cold water, milk, or a sauce, is used in all casserole recipes.

## DUTCH RAGOUT WITH BACON DUMPLINGS

Three-quarters pound beef steak (cheaper cuts available), 1 lb. veal steak, 1 lb. beef liver, 2 onions, 1 large cooking apple, 2 tablespoons dripping, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 pints water.

Cut the meat in small pieces and lightly brown with the chopped onion in the hot fat. Pour off surplus fat. Stir in flour. Stir in the water, add the chopped apple and pour into casserole. Cook in a slow oven (325deg. F.) for two hours. Drop the dumplings on top of the simmering stew, and cook covered for 15 minutes.

For the Bacon Dumplings: 2 cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons (or less) finely chopped cooked bacon, 1 tablespoon shortening, about 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add bacon, and mix to a soft dough with milk. Drop in spoonfuls on top of stew, making sure the dough rests on the meat and does not settle in the liquid. If necessary pour a little of liquid from the stew. Cover tightly, allowing 15 minutes for cooking. Serve as soon as cooked. For four to six.

## CREAMED LAMB SOUBISE

Two pounds breast of lamb, 1 clove, pinch of powdered nutmeg, 3 onions, 1 green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon or less pepper, water, about 2 cups milk, 11 tablespoons flour.

Cut meat into small pieces. Place in casserole with sliced onion, chopped pepper and seasonings. Barely cover with water, and cook in a slow oven (325-350deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Drain off most of the water and add the flour blended with a little cold milk and the remainder of the milk. Correct seasoning to taste and return to oven and cook until thick—about 15

minutes. Delicious with hot freshly made cheese scones, baked tomatoes, and spinach.

## OLD ENGLISH KIDNEY STEW

Three beef kidneys, 11 tablespoons butter or good beef dripping, 1 onion (medium-sized), 1½ tablespoons flour, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 cups hot boiled rice or spaghetti, chopped parsley.

Split kidneys. Remove core, skin, hard membranes, and cut into sections. Soak in cold, salted water

for half an hour. Brown in fat, brown onions also, add flour, and brown and stir in water. Season, pour into casserole, and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve on piping hot rice or spaghetti liberally sprinkled with freshly chopped parsley.

## CREOLE CASSEROLE OF RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2½ cups water, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 apple, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 dessert-spoon chopped celery leaves, pinch of spice, 1 clove, 1 cup wine or 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Soak rabbit ½ hour, joint, and brown in hot fat; add flour and brown, and stir in water. Pour into casserole and add sliced onion, sliced skinned tomatoes, chopped apple (peeled and cored), celery, celery leaves, spice, clove, and wine or vinegar. Cover and cook fairly slowly (325deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Serve very hot with rice, spaghetti, or triangles of dry toast. For four.

## MEXICAN MINCE CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds minced meat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, 1 dessert-spoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 chopped

onion, 1 chopped cooking apple, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper, salt.

Combine meat, flour, tomato puree, water, vinegar, sauce, onion, and apple. Season and pour into casserole. Cook in a moderate oven (350-375deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Remove lid, top with hot spaghetti, sprinkle with cheese, and return to oven until lightly browned. Serve piping hot. For three or four.

## COLONIAL SHARP STEAK WITH VEGETABLES

One and a half pounds beef steak (flank, chuck, round), 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessert-spoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, pinch mixed spice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups chopped vegetables (carrots, parsnips, turnips, celery), chopped parsley.

Trim steak and cut into inch-sized cubes, brown lightly in fat. Stir in flour, and when lightly browned add water. Add salt, onion, sugar, spice, vinegar, and sauce. Pour into casserole and cook in moderate oven (325-350deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Add vegetables, cover, and cook a further 30 minutes. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley. For four.



CREATE YOUR OWN RECIPES from available supplies . . . add enough water to keep a good volume of steam in casserole, not too much flour for thickening, discreet seasoning with spices and herbs, vinegar or wine for added piquancy.

## GUIDE FOR LOW-COST MEALS

**MAKE** fullest use of all butter allowance. Do not use in pastries and puddings. When serving butter with vegetables, add on service plate and not in saucepan. Do not serve butter straight from refrigerator to table. Do not serve butter with hot meals. Extend butter for sandwiches by beating with hot milk or white sauce.

**CONSERVE** all meat dripping, straining into earthenware bowl or tin. Use this dripping for pastries, steamed puddings, and cookies as well as for frying and baking meats.

**BREAD** is a food. Buy wholemeal bread in preference to white bread.

**CUT** down the meat bill by forgetting the luxury cuts. Make the acquaintance of the so-called sundries—livers, hearts, tripe, sweetbreads, sausages. Be imaginative with minced meats in meat cakes, meat loaves, pies, and pasties. The cheaper cuts of meat such as flank steak, lamb breast have excellent flavor, and long, moist cooking tenderises without lowering food value.

**DON'T** be thrifty at the expense of your family's health. Fruit, leafy greens, yellow vegetables, milk must be included in the daily diet.

**WATCH** the market, making the most of low-priced seasonal fruits and vegetables. Preserve surplus stocks for future use.





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## FINE FOR EASTER

● Savory pancakes, holiday cookies, and a delicious fish dish—they're prize recipes.



FOR 11 O'CLOCK . . . London buns, fresh and fragrant from the oven, with the best cup of tea of the day, poured after three minutes' steeping.

NOT only do readers who contribute their home-tested recipes to this page win cash prizes—they help other homemakers.

### EASTER EGGS

Four ounces butter, margarine, or good, clean fat, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, vanilla, 4oz. cornflour, 6oz. plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream fat and sugar until white and creamy, add vanilla and eggs one at a time. Sift in the dry in-

gredients, making a stiff mixture. Place on a greased tin, a dessertspoonful at a time, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Remove carefully from the tin, and when cool put together with raspberry jam. Cover with smooth white (or chocolate) icing and pipe round the join with pink.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Wilton, Rosevale, Bemboka, N.S.W.

### PRAWN SAVORIES

One pound prawns, 1 cup white sauce (thick), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, little grated nutmeg, half-teaspoon vinegar, egg glazing, and breadcrumbs.

Chop the shelled prawns, keeping a few whole for garnishing. Add to the white sauce with seasonings, lemon juice. Allow to become cold. Take heaped dessertspoons of the mixture and roll into balls. Roll in egg glazing and toss in breadcrumbs. Fry a golden brown in deep fat. Garnish with whole prawns, lemon wedges, parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Sephton, 26 Trevor St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

## The common cold

By SISTER MARY JACOB

WHY do we catch cold? Well, contributing causes include: Over-fatigue, bad ventilation (draughts or hot, stuffy rooms), cold or wet feet, poor breathing (often caused by enlarged adenoids or tonsils), wrong diet, insufficient exercise.

In caring for babies and little children, certain preventive measures can be taken to make them more resistant to colds, and simple treatment will usually lessen the severity of an attack.

Send a stamped, addressed envelope for helpful leaflet to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Clean smoothly...  
keep woodwork  
spotless



THESE MEATLESS DISHES must be served piping hot . . . Marrow firmly stuffed with celery and herb crumb seasoning, and baked. Left: Fish and potato cubes with cheese sauce and minted tomato slices.

### ECONOMICAL COOKIES

Three ounces good, soft fat, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons

milk, 1 dessertspoon marmalade, ½lb. self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, grated rind of an orange or a lemon, 1 heaped tablespoon sultanas and currants.

Cream fat and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, marmalade, and lemon rind. Sift flour and spice, add to the mixture. Lastly add the fruit. Take small portions in a dessertspoon, press upper part in

sugar, and transfer to a greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Hackett, 10 Claremont Rd., Enfield, N.S.W.

### SAVORY PANCAKES

Two large potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Grate potatoes and onion, mix together, and add tomato sauce, salt and pepper, and beaten egg. Add sufficient self-raising flour to make a smooth batter. Drop in spoonfuls in smoking hot fat, and fry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Hewett, 56 Wilcox St., Preston N18, Vic.

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Very few ingredients are required. You don't  
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follow the simple recipe set out below.

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### *Try this Simple Recipe for Delicious Raisin Meringue Pie . . .*

Recommended by Miss Emily Noble, Chief Cookery Demonstrator at the Metropolitan Gas Co., Melbourne

#### **FOR PASTRY**

$\frac{3}{4}$  lb. self-raising flour  
4 oz. shortening  
Pinch salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water

Sift Self-Raising Flour and salt into a basin, rub in the shortening with the tips of the fingers and make into a dough with the water, knead lightly, roll out thinly and line a deep plate with the paste. Cook in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked sprinkle 4 oz. seeded raisins on to the paste, then make a custard and pour over the top of the raisins.

#### **FOR CUSTARD**

$\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk  
3 level teaspoons  
custard powder  
1 tablespoon sugar  
Few drops essence

Mix custard powder and sugar with a little cold milk, bring the rest of the milk up to boiling point, add hot milk to mixed custard powder, cook well, and pour over the raisins. Beat 2 egg whites very stiffly with a pinch of salt, add 2 tablespoons castor sugar, mix lightly and spread over the cooked custard, decorate with sections of orange, put back into a slow oven to set and brown the meringue. This dish can be served hot or cold. Serves 8 persons.

Always make certain the self-raising flour you use has the "A & W" Seal on the packet.



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Wartime Pack

1/6 per box of 12

THE Professor and Vincent took up their running discussion of literature and life; Mrs. Girard droned on about the trial of making ends meet. But it was Lydia Verlaime's voice, rising above the others, that punctured my private nightmare.

"Paul!" she cried, and patted the chair beside her. "Paul, where have you been?"

Our newest boarder slid into his place at the table. His darkly handsome face was sullen as always, his eyes bitter and angry.

"Sorry I'm late." His words were curt and unapologetic. "I fell asleep in my room. I didn't hear the gong."

"Really, Mr. Collins," our landlady snapped, "you've been here three weeks, long enough to know that dinner is served at six-fifteen. It would seem . . ."

The irritable voice went on for endless minutes. And then, so suddenly that I almost jumped, Kay slipped into the chair beside me.

"Ah, Mrs. Abbott!" Mrs. Girard's tone was laden with false regret. "Too bad you missed the soup. It was especially good."

"Forgive me," Kay said. She spoke calmly, casually. "There were several things I had to do this evening."

My hands began to tremble, and I put them in my lap. Several things Kay had to do . . . before the murder of Otis Block could be discovered. What things? I turned to her, but she was staring across the room with terror in her eyes.

I jerked my head round. At first the sight of Ginny ambling toward the hall meant nothing to me. Then I saw the silver tray in her hands and knew that she was heading for the staircase and Otis Block's apartment. She would open the door

and go toward the table behind the settee. She would have no warning to prepare her for the sight she was to meet.

Then suddenly I realised that there was a sign, if only Ginny would see and understand it. For now I knew why, when Mrs. Girard had climbed the stairs to open Otis Block's door, the top landing had seemed strange. One of the rapiers on the wall had been removed.

And there had been no answer to her call; there had been no answer, because Otis Block was already dead. He had been killed before Professor Simons left his room.

I looked at Simons, and my mind fought its way back to the early evening. I had seen him enter that room at the head of the stairs. I had heard Block's rousing welcome. And when the Professor left that room Block had been dead.

The man sat quietly, his eyes upon his plate. His hand was steady as he toyed with his salad. Vincent Charles was talking to him fiercely, his fist pounding the table. The Professor looked at him and smiled. His face was serene, untroubled; his eyes twinkled behind the thick glasses. But I knew that he was the murderer; that he had savagely slain his friend.

Ginny's footsteps no longer sounded on the stairs. She must be on the third floor by now, moving toward the next flight, getting closer to that silent room. The scream would come soon now; it must, it had to. If it didn't, I knew that in another moment a scream would burst from my own throat.

A figure stepped from the shadows of the hall into the dining-room.

"Hiya, Mrs. Troy," Jeff said, and grinned.

And then from above us the scream, piercing and bloodcurdling, shattered the quiet of the house . . .

From the parlor window I watched the wicker basket slide into the police ambulance, as Otis Block, after so many years, finally left Mrs. Girard's boarding-house. A moment later, when the dismal clang of the ambulance bell had faded away, a sharp sigh of relief swept through the group huddled in the massive gloominess of the Victorian room.

For over an hour we had been penned here, watched over by a poker-faced plain-clothes man, while the police did their work at the scene of the crime.

I looked past the tense figure of Kay Abbott, over the slouched shoulder of Paul Collins, and saw Mrs. Girard. She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her tightly clasped hands in her lap. Her eyes, wide with horror, were fastened upon Professor Simons. Had she remembered, too?

She rose slowly, as if lifted by some giant magnet, and crossed the room. "Professor Simons," she said, "why did you kill Mr. Block?"

The plain-clothes man was the first to move. He charged out into the hall. "Henley!" he shouted up the stairs. He stepped back into the room. "Take it easy, everybody," he said.

The Professor was blinking in bewilderment at the circle of eyes focused upon him. A thin, empty smile stretched across his lips.

"Who killed Otis Block?" the question came from the doorway. The little man, brisk as a wire-haired terrier, dapper as a new pin, smiled cheerfully at us all. Lieutenant-Detective Henley stepped into the room.

The plain-clothes man pointed at

# Murder by Degrees

Continued from page 4

Professor Simons. "He did. At least, the landlady there says he did."

"Well," Henley said. "Mrs. Girard, would you mind telling me how you know that?"

Calmly, deliberately, her eyes never wavering from the Professor, she told her story. In every detail her reasoning followed mine: Simon's fall on the stairs, the missing rapier, the silence that met her when she called to Block. As she made each point she demanded my corroboration, and I gave it with a nod of my head.

When she had finished, the detective said quietly: "Well, I guess that's it, Simons. The victim is alive. You enter the room. You leave the room, the victim is dead. Only you could have killed him. Are you ready to go to headquarters?"

The Professor rose. He was trembling violently, but he stood erect and tall. "No," he said. "I'm not."

Henley smiled grimly. "Do you deny you killed Block?"

"Yes, I deny that, and I deny more. Mrs. Girard and Mrs. Troy are mistaken. I was not in Otis Block's room at all to-day. And at that time they say they saw me enter and leave it, I was not even in this house."

I gasped at the boldness of his lie, but Mrs. Girard was shouting stridently. "How can you say such a thing? We picked you up when you fell. We were right beside you! And on the floor below Ginny spoke to you! All three of us can't be mistaken."

"I wasn't here," Simons said with weary doggedness. "I left the house before five. I did not return until just after six, when the dinner gong was ringing."

Lydia nodded excitedly. "Yes! I saw him come in."

Henley scowled as he drew a deep, exasperated breath. "All right, Simons. Where do you say you were this afternoon?"

"I had an engagement with a friend . . . to drink some ale."

"Who is he? Can he alibi you?"

"Unfortunately, there was some mistake. My friend was not at home. So I took a walk on the drive. I'm afraid I can't prove that. I met no one I knew." He caught Henley's sarcastic smile, and hurried on. "Oh, but I did have an engagement. My friend phoned on Saturday. Now, if only—Ginny."

He turned eagerly to her. "Ginny, you were dusting my room on Saturday when my friend called! You must remember!"

For a moment a puzzled frown creased the girl's face. Then she brightened. "Yes, I do remember! You were talking on the phone when I came in. I remember your saying, 'I'll be there on Tuesday, shortly after five.' And I remember hoping

that you wouldn't come back late for dinner."

Henley growled in disgust. "What does that prove? A friend invited you to drink some ale, and you don't drink any ale! You go for a walk, but nobody sees you! You say you weren't in the house at the time of the murder, and three people swear you were!" He whirled round to face me. "Is there any chance you could be mistaken?"

"I—I don't see how," I fumbled. "I stood right beside him. I was so close to him . . . Why, there was some white dust on his coat and I even tried to brush it off. Yes, I saw him."

"Mrs. Girard?" Henley snapped. "I have known Professor Simons long enough to recognise him when I see him!"

"And you, Miss Brown?"

"I was on the third floor," Ginny said, "when I heard him fall. And when he came on down, I spoke to him. Why, he stopped on the landing right beside me, to fix his shoelace. I almost told him no wonder he fell, wearing those silly shoes. But he didn't speak to me."

"Silly shoes?" Henley said. "What silly shoes?"

"Why . . . with those heels on them, high heels. All built up. You know, the kind men wear to make them look taller. And I thought how foolish it was for a man as tall as the Professor to try to seem even taller."

I heard Jeff murmur, "Seem taller," and his words seemed to ring in the room. Every head turned to stare at the Professor's feet. He was looking at them, too, at the neat black shoes with the flat heels.

The room jumped with excitement. Henley turned to Mrs. Girard.

"Think," he said. "Think again. Those hall lights are pretty dim."

Please turn to page 39

## PRESENT FOR A MOTHER—

Two generations of Mothers have been using Curlypet. Curlypet's gentle antiseptic qualities keep baby's precious head as free of cradlecap and scalp irritation, and help baby's hair to grow beautifully, lustrous, healthy and curly.

So, some tubes of Curlypet make the nicest and most useful present you could give Baby's Mother at every season of the year.

You can get Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store, and if you are far from town, pin 3/8 in Postal Note or Stamp to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail with full directions for use.

Keep a note of the number of your Postal Note until you have our reply.

**CURLYPET**



## Pep up lawns—now!

● Old lawns that have glared at the sky for many a long year without attention will need a lot of pepping up during autumn—and this is what to do to them

—says OUR HOME GARDENER

**R**UN the lawnmower over the grass first of all and cut it closely. This will give you a fair idea of its requirements if it is patchy.

If patchy and worn, loosen up the thin spots with the fork, merely wiggling it to and fro to crack up the crust. If it is a couch lawn, these patches can be sown with fresh seed during April, or renewed by turfing.

Where the lawns are pale and wan and very thin, remove all weeds first. A thin lawn is always weedy, and a sharp knife the best implement to use for deep-rooted perennial weeds.

A top-dressing with arsenic pentoxide will kill most of the serious perennial weeds, but soft, annual rubbish readily succumbs to a sprinkling of sulphate of ammonia. This should be left on dry for 48 hours and then watered in.

Clover, trefoils, chickweed, and many soft annual weeds are usually dead within two days. They can then be removed by hand. Dandelions, plantains, and other deep-rooted weeds can be killed by squirt-

ing a very few drops of petrol into their centres during a dry spell. The plants die and shrivel up very quickly, leaving no unsightly hole.

Lawns that need reviving and those that are pale-colored should be top-dressed with sulphate of ammonia only, using 5 to 8 lb. per 1000 square feet.

If the soil is known to be acid, or if it has not had a dressing of lime for many years, an application of this material should be made. The lime requirements of most soils will be satisfied for a period of years by applying 50lb. of hydrated lime or 50lb. of dolomite per 1000 square feet. If these materials are not available, use 75lb. of carbonate of lime (sometimes called garden lime or crushed limestone).

If the lawn is merely in rather poor condition, it can be revived and thickened by giving a good top-dressing of 4 parts superphosphate and one part each of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of potash, at the rate of about 8 to 10 lb per 1000 sq. ft.

Water should be applied in reasonable quantity after chemical fertilisers have been applied. Do not water immediately after giving the lawn a top-dressing of soil. Let the soil settle first. It is best to water first—then top-dress with soil.



AS YOU SEE, the well-kept lawn adds much to the appearance of this home. So with any home—with yours—no matter how small.

## FUMIGATION GOES UP IN SMOKE By MEDICO

**W**HAT'S the best to use in fumigating a room?" asked Mrs. Hillier. "My niece has been staying with me, and

### Quick Haemorrhoid Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's **Vacuoid** is guaranteed to relieve any form of pile misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vacuoid** is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere sell **Vacuoid**.

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she developed diphtheria. I want to use her room for my daughter."

"Fumigation," I answered, "in the light of more modern knowledge, is now regarded as an act of faith instead of an effective means of destroying bacteria."

"Fumes, such as formalin and sulphur smoke, have poor penetrating power, and can only be effective under impossible ideal conditions."

"So I don't need to do anything to make the room safe for my daughter?" queried Mrs. Hillier.

"You certainly do," I replied. "The bedclothes should be laundered in the usual way. The pillow and mattress need to be well sunned on both sides, the floor scrubbed with ordinary soap and hot water, and the bed wiped over with a damp, soapy cloth. In short, more efficient than fumigation is a good old-fashioned spring-clean."

"Shouldn't I use some phenyle in the water?" asked Mrs. Hillier.

"In the quantity usually used in a bucket of water, phenyle is almost an act of faith, too. Plain soap and hot water, plus elbow-grease, have been shown to be a most valuable disinfectant without the dangers as-

sociated with the traditional disinfectants. In fact, it was just too easy to make a room smell clean with phenyle, when it really wasn't as clean as a good soapy scrub would have made it."

"Will it be safe for my niece to come to my house again when she comes out of hospital?" asked Mrs. Hillier.

"Before your niece leaves hospital, swabs will have been taken from her throat, and they will prove that she is not infectious. Actually, the sick individual receives more attention, nowadays, than her surroundings. Diseases like influenza, colds, tuberculosis, and scarlet fever are almost always spread by droplet infection in coughing, sneezing, or even talking."

"In the case of tuberculosis, the sputum is infective, but to-day the sufferer from tuberculosis is trained to use a sputum cup which is sterilised every day by boiling. So are his handkerchiefs. Another application of the new knowledge of the spread of bacteria from the mouth is the use of a face mask by nurses while they are attending babies, mothers in childbirth, or dressing wounds."

"In hospital wards to-day, damp sawdust is used before sweeping the floor, and blankets are not shaken or beds made while wounds are being dressed."

"Isn't fumigation used at all, then?" asked Mrs. Hillier.

"Not for destroying bacteria, but it has a most useful role in destroying rats and insects."

"Cyanide gas (which must be used by skilled persons owing to its danger) is most effective in destroying rats in their burrows."

"The new D.D.T. spray is a miracle-worker in destroying bugs, lice, flies, and mosquitoes—but not available to you during wartime."

(All names fictitious.)



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**MUM SAVES CHARM**—Mum works instantly! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of odour. Get Mum from your chemist.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



## CUTEX MANICURE

Cutex Nail polish is obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of supplies for civilians. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.



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- EASIEST TO USE
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A drop of Murine in each eye is the modern way to soothe, cleanse, refresh. Ask your chemist for...

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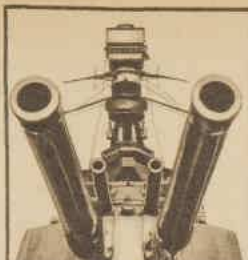
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If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder. Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powder and daily BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

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SONOTONE... THE WORLD'S FINEST HEARING AID.

## Continuing . . . Penniless Pilot

from page 9

TONY thought about that for quite a while. Helen stared silently into her lemon-squash. He wanted to kiss her, and he wanted to shake her. It was like being with two women, and sure of neither of them. "It's gone nine," he said.

"I suppose we'd better go then." She made a funny, final little gesture with her hands. "I thought perhaps we'd walk up Parliament Hill. The view is wonderful from there. But if you'd rather not—"

He assured her politely that he'd love to. Another silence fell upon them. On the way Helen shivered. She unwound the mysterious woollen garment and struggled into it. It was a cardigan. A washed-out blue, and decidedly on the saggy side. It didn't go very well with the red-and-white check, and it made Tony feel quite ridiculously tender. The sooner this was over, he thought, the better. And he kept his hands firmly in his pockets.

They reached the summit and sat on one of the benches.

Helen looked up at his set young face.

"It's been fun!" she said bleakly. And burst into tears. "I might have known!" she sobbed. "I might have known!"

Tony stared at her. He wouldn't have minded a good cry himself, but he felt pretty sure it would be for a different reason. He produced a handkerchief. "Here," he muttered roughly, "have a good blow and then try basic English."

She mopped up, and faced him with a watery smile. "I'm sorry. I'm not the weepy kind as a rule. It's just that—well, that I like you so much! From the very first moment I set eyes on you, at Ariadne's party. That's why I wouldn't let her tell you, you see."

She stopped talking, her eyes fixed upon the Professor, noting the neatness of his moustache, the sleekness of his small, jaunty goatee, his smoothly combed silver-white hair.

"At it was him," the landlady spluttered.

"He's trimmed his hair since then?"

"No," I said. "I met him as he went out this afternoon. He looked exactly as he does now. And that man on the stairs—his hair was long, his moustache did need trimming."

"All right!" Henley bellowed. "I know Simons' hair didn't grow in a matter of minutes! I know somebody could have bought all the crepe

Tony didn't see. But he waited. And his heart began to jump again.

"I'm not on the stage. I met Ariadne when she was brought into our hospital some weeks ago with a sprained kneecap, and we became friends. I'm a nurse, Tony. I always have been. I trained at Hampstead Hospital, which is why I know the place so well. Now I'm in one of the central London ones, which is why I couldn't make a date with you until this evening—I've only just come off the night shift. I went back to Ariadne's flat because she'd lent me that heavenly grey outfit. I wanted to be—what I thought you wanted me to be. Because—well, because if I hadn't seen you again I—I—"

"Yes?" Tony said softly, "yes, Helen?"

"I haven't wanted—ever—a young man with a rich aunt and a passion for pin-up girls. So what do I do? I fall in love with you! When you walked into the Splendide and said you were broke I was glad. It made you—well, more real. I decided to take a chance. I'd be me—and know once and for all how you liked me. But you blew hot, blew cold, you seemed so horribly, politely bored! I didn't know what to do. One minute I'd be on the verge of telling you everything, the next I'd be running back on my tracks, afraid to give myself away. It's been the most miserable evening in my life! She stood up, shivering in her faded cardigan. "Well, that's that!"

Tony pulled her down. "Yes—that's that, thank goodness! I've been miserable, too. Do you know why? Not because you weren't the girl I thought I wanted you to be—but because you weren't the sort of girl I suddenly discovered I wanted more than anything in the

world. The sort of girl one stays with, and works for and plans for. The sort of girl one marries, Helen."

Later—very much later—Helen said with a start: "Oh, Tony, what will Auntie Henry say?"

"Auntie Henry won't have time to say anything, my sweet, she'll be too busy listening to me. Hearing that, as far as I'm concerned, she can throw her beastly money into the nearest ocean."

"Don't put it too brutally, dear," Helen murmured, with the world-embracing benevolence of the newly-in-love, "all things considered, I'm very grateful that she gave you a book."

"That book! I've been lugging it round all evening," Tony unwrapped his parcel and groaned. "I ask you—a book of proverbs!"

Helen peered over his shoulder. "And a page marked with a note, and one of the proverbs underlined. Read it, Tony."

"Love can neither be bought nor sold, its only price is love." Well! the artful old—

"And listen to this," Helen had opened the note. She read it with a wondering voice, there in the moonlight.

"My dear nephew, maybe you have wondered why I never married. It is because, when I was young, my money made everything possible for me but the one thing I needed most—a trust that someone could love me for myself. I should hate that to happen to you, Anthony. And I think it is high time you found a nice girl and settled down."

Tony nodded his head solemnly. "I should hate to disappoint Auntie Henry, wouldn't you? So you'd better put that book down and let me begin, darling!"

(Copyright)

## Murder by Degrees

Continued from page 36

hair he wanted at any drugstore and disguised himself as Simons! But I can't understand this! You three women were practically on top of the man on the stairs. You talked to him. What about his voice?"

"He didn't speak at all," Mrs. Girard admitted. "He just muttered and grumbled. He didn't say a single word."

"Okay," Henley sighed. "I'm afraid it all fits. The dark hallway. A wig and crepe hair moustache and goatee. Thick glasses to hide his eyes. And high heels to make him seem taller."

The Professor raised a bewildered face to the detective. "But why? Why should anyone have impersonated me? Who could have done that to me?"

"One thing is definite," Henley said. "Whoever it was knew you well, knew your habits and mannerisms. And knew the workings of this house. Probably," he added grimly, "it was someone who lives in this house, who is in this room right now." Without a second's pause he wheeled on Ginny: "Miss Brown, what clothes was the killer wearing?"

"His suit was... was just like the one the Professor has on now."

"Simons, could the killer have got hold of that suit?"

"No. I've had it on all day."

Henley shrugged. "It could easily be duplicated." He walked the length of the room, thinking; then he snapped his fingers at the plain-clothes man. "Mott, when did Collins leave? Where did he go?"

"I didn't see him leave," Mott said.

Lydia ventured timidly. "He went to his room for cigarettes."

"Get him down here, Mott! This isn't a picnic."

"Right," said Mott, and hurried away.

Lydia said, "Paul Collins wasn't the man on the stairs. He was in his room sleeping. He didn't even hear the dinner gong."

Henley smiled pleasantly. "We'll let Collins tell us about it himself,

shall we, Miss Verlaine? In the meantime...

He was interrupted by a shout, followed by the banging of foot-steps on the stairs. "He's gone!" Mott howled, charging into the room. "Collins is gone!"

To be continued

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